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The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27, 1939

No. 3017 58th Year

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as a Newspaper.

**FISH IS
TASTIER WITH
H.P. SAUCE**

Hitler's Reported Bid To End The Crisis

PEACE PLAN MYSTERY

British Reply To Berlin Will Be Sent Today

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN, WILL FLY BACK TO THE GERMAN CAPITAL TODAY WITH BRITAIN'S REPLY TO HITLER'S PROPOSALS FOR A PEACEFUL SOLUTION TO THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

In diplomatic circles in London last night it was anticipated that further comments on that reply would have to be conveyed to London.

The British Cabinet, at an emergency meeting last night, considered Hitler's proposals and drew up the terms of the reply. Before the Ministers met, Sir Neville Henderson had had a conference lasting several hours with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax.

Sir Neville had flown to London earlier in the day with Herr Hitler's message—a message believed to contain plans for a peaceful solution of the Danzig problem.

Although official circles in London were unable to confirm that such a plan for a peaceful solution of the European crisis had been discussed by Sir Neville and Herr Hitler, the authoritative Italian newspaper "Messaggero" stated that recent developments in the situation had created a small ray of light, the first sign of which was Sir Neville's return to London with Hitler's plan for a peaceful solution.

Rome was not alone in its optimism. Wall-st. yesterday thought the situation slightly improved, with the result that the market early in the session advanced in brisk fashion. The market closed firmly.

The new situation created by Sir Neville's return with a message from Hitler was discussed yesterday not only in London and Paris. Warsaw and Washington were also informed of the developments.

CABINET MEETS

Rome hopes of a settlement of the crisis were reflected again by the "Messaggero" when it stated: "In the past few hours there have been indications of the possibility of new negotiations which lead to the belief that there has been a healthy return to reason."

This reference to Sir Neville's return to London may have been inspired. But whatever the message which the Ambassador brought from Hitler was, there remained little doubt of its extreme urgency.

After the Prime Minister had conferred with Lord Halifax and Sir Neville Henderson for more than three hours, Mr. Chamberlain called an emergency meeting of the Cabinet and laid before his Ministers Hitler's offer. The meeting lasted two and a half hours. No communiqué was issued afterwards. Another meeting will be held this morning.

HITLER'S OFFER, ACCORDING TO SIGNOR GAYDA ("MOUTHPIECE OF MUSSOLINI"), WRITING IN THE "GIORNALE D'ITALIA," CONSTITUTES A LAST ATTEMPT TO PREVENT A EUROPEAN WAR.

"This attempt," says Signor Gayda, "began on Friday night with the conversations which Herr Hitler had with the Ambassadors of the great Powers, and has been formulated into a plan which the Foreign Office is examining."

Signor Gayda emphasised that the effort which was being made followed a direct exchange of views between Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler.

NEGOTIATION HOPE

According to Gayda, an important movement fostered by London, Paris and Washington was being developed to push Poland on to the road of direct negotiations with Germany.

The Rome newspapers laid stress on the possibility that diplomacy might yet find a peaceful solution and that the divergences existing between the nations might be settled by negotiation rather than by war.

Both in the Press and among the public the opinion was firmly held that a solution, by whatever method it was reached, could only be acceptable and lasting if founded on a recognition of German and Italian claims.

The "Lavoro Fascista" said: "It is true that military measures in all the countries concerned—and particularly grave incidents in Poland—occurred on Friday, but there was nothing that accelerated the precipitation of the irreparable."

"There were, on the other hand, some political and diplomatic moves, and proposals and counter-proposals between Germany and England now in progress through Sir Neville Henderson which lead to the hope of an improvement in the situation."

(Continued in Page Three)

AMBASSADOR IN A BREAKDOWN



After returning from Berlin to Croydon aerodrome with Hitler's plan for negotiation of the Danzig dispute yesterday, Sir Neville Henderson, the British Ambassador, was held up near Streatham when his car broke down. Here he is looking for the cause of the trouble.

Hungary Refuses Pact With Rumania

HUNGARY, it was stated officially in Bucharest yesterday, has refused to sign a pact of non-aggression with Rumania.

The pact (says Reuter) was offered last week after Hungary had expressed uneasiness about the concentration of Rumanian troops.

Rumania replied that troop movements were not directed against her neighbours but were normal concentrations of reservists in connection with the autumn manoeuvres.

It was then that Rumania, as proof of her peaceful intentions, offered the pact of non-aggression. The offer was rejected.

Yesterday in Budapest the hope was expressed that Signor Mussolini's efforts for a peaceful solution of the crisis would be successful, and that there would be a last-minute peaceful settlement between Hungary's two friends, Germany and Poland.

Women Leave England In Tears

"HEIL PEACE!" CRY GERMANS

TEARFUL WOMEN, BEWILDERED CHILDREN, MEN GIVING UP HOMES AND FRIENDS AND JOBS, JOINED YESTERDAY IN THE GREATEST TRAFFIC HURLY-BURLY EUROPE HAS KNOWN FOR A GENERATION.

Britons raced home from Continental holidays. Germans, answered the call to return to their country. Americans scrambled for Atlantic liners. Air pilots working non-stop, trains packed to suffocation. . . .

Europe's war of nerves was on. Here are some of the highlights of it:

As the German boat-train left Liverpool-st. not one arm was raised in the Nazi salute. No one shouted "Heil Hitler!" but many were heard to call "Heil, Frieden!" (Hall, Peace!)

Every plane on the Le Bourget-Croydon route was in service, but all day long there were crowds at Le Bourget waiting for planes.

People were offering £20 a seat in a plane bound for London—the ordinary single fare being about four guineas. Imperial Airways' staff at Croydon were warned that they might have to stay at their posts for 24 hours without relief.

Cross-Channel steamers brought 3,000 people to Southampton and 2,500 to Folkestone. Two cruise ships, the Orford and the Asturias, arrived home from the Mediterranean with hundreds of passengers. The Arandora Star, ordered to return from its cruise to the northern capitals, docked last night.

Hundreds of Americans failed to get accommodation in liners sailing for New York. The Dutch liner Veendam, bound for America, turned public rooms into dormitories and put mattresses down in the cockpit bar.

The German liner Europa is due at Southampton to-morrow, but it is unknown whether she will make the call. Another German liner, the Udena, from Africa, carried on to Hamburg the British passengers who should have been landed at Southampton.

But the most remarkable scenes occurred when hundreds of German men, women and children jostled each other at Liverpool-st. station in an effort to get back to their country.

The platform and all the luggage store-rooms were piled high with bags, trunks and boxes labelled for Germany. Through this heaped-up mass and among rattling baggage wagons pushed by harassed porters, tear-stained women, men with grim faces, and wide-eyed children struggled for seats on the already overcrowded train.

The throng was so great that the train had to be duplicated.

Bicycle Bombs Now

'Yard' Warned Of New I.R.A. Terrorism

IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES LAST NIGHT POLICE WERE SPECIALLY DETAILED TO WATCH FOR A WEEK-END "HATE" BY I.R.A. BOMB-THROWERS.

EPA BAN ON SALE OF SHIPS

ONE of the first regulations made under the new Emergency Powers Act (Epa, the successor to Dora), passed by Parliament last week, was announced yesterday.

The transfer of the ownership, or shares in, any British ship, unless registered at Empire ports, is forbidden without the permission of the Board of Trade.

Permission is necessary even if the purchaser is qualified to own a British ship.

COBB'S THREE RECORDS

Bonneville Salt Flats (Utah), Saturday.

JOHN COBB, the British racing motorist, who recently broke the world's land speed record here at 368.85 m.p.h., to-day set up three more world records.

Ten kilometres at 263.01 m.p.h. (old record 236.67 by Sir Malcolm Campbell).

Ten miles at 270.35 m.p.h. (old record 223.9 m.p.h. by a German, the late Bernot Rosenmeyer).

Five kilometres at 326.66 m.p.h. (old record 292.12 by Campbell). Cobb also attempted the five miles record, but the timing apparatus failed. —Reuter.

The terrorists had planned the latest coup in the belief that during the international crisis police vigilance would be relaxed. Special Branch officers received secret information of the I.R.A. plans.

A new method worked out by the terrorists was for bombs to be concealed in tradesmen's carrier-cycles left unattended in the streets.

This was the ruse adopted at Coventry when a bomb on Friday killed five persons and injured 100 others.

All Government buildings and the offices of Scotland Yard had special guards.

TOWN HALL DAMAGED
Further bombs exploded yesterday at Blackpool and Liverpool.

The damage at Liverpool—to a Red Cross hut—was slight, but at Blackpool the explosion caused great damage to the front of the town hall.

Another bomb burst into flames in a dustbin near the Blackpool Tower, and an unexploded bomb was found outside the Chief Constable's office.

Police inquiring into the Coventry outrage yesterday issued a description of an Irishman, Dominic Adams, otherwise known as Norman, whom they wish to interview.

He is a Belfast labourer, who has lived in Coventry for several years.

Two other men whom Coventry police are anxious to interview speak with a Midland accent.

One is aged thirty-five, 5 ft. 10 in., fair frizzy hair cut rather short, straight stubby nose, square chin, hairy hands.

The second is described as aged about thirty-three, 5 ft. 8 in., stocky build, dark hair, round face, rather large dark eyes, sallow complexion, poorly dressed.

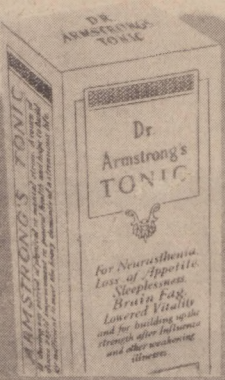
The Home Secretary yesterday signed nine more expulsion orders, making the total 97.

Take a course of DR. ARMSTRONG'S TONIC

This scientific preparation succeeds where ordinary tonics fail. For real NERVE NOURISHMENT, for reviving energy, restoring appetite and really building you up, you need DR. ARMSTRONG'S TONIC (Liquid or Tablets).

They NOURISH
the NERVES

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only from branches
of Boots



Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

B415A-1507

Goering's New Decree NO FOREIGN PLANES OVER NAZI-LAND

FOREIGN AEROPLANES ARE BANNED FROM FLYING OVER GERMANY, ACCORDING TO A DECREE ISSUED BY FIELD MARSHAL GOERING, IN BERLIN YESTERDAY.

Only German Government machines are allowed freedom of the air in Reich territory. German air liners which are exempt from the bar must keep below an altitude of 1,500 ft.

WAR CHIEFS CONFER

Signor Mussolini yesterday received Count Ciano, his Foreign Minister, Senor Betti, Minister of Communications, chiefs of the Navy and Army and Defence Ministers. It was officially announced in Rome.

Questions concerning military preparation were discussed and agreed upon.

The Pope received in private audience at Castel Gandolfo the French Ambassador to the Holy See, M. Francois Charles-Roux.

ASSURANCES

Germany, through her envoys at The Hague and Brussels, has assured Holland and Belgium she will respect their frontiers and independence provided they observe strict neutrality in the event of war.

FRANCE CALLS MORE

France called up still more men yesterday. Reservists whose mobilisation cards bear the numbers 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6 were ordered to report to their depots.

YUGOSLAV COALITION

Yugoslavia's Prime Minister, M. Svetkovic, formed a new Coalition Government with Dr. Malchek, the Croat leader, as vice-Premier. Four other Croats are in the Ministry.

FRANCE SUSPENDS

COMMUNIST ORGANS. Paris, Saturday.

The Paris Communist newspapers, "Humanite" and "Ce Soir," have been suspended indefinitely.

Yesterday's copies were confiscated by the police immediately they came out.—B.U.P.

MEN CALLED UP RUSH TO MARRY

A BIG increase in marriages at Birmingham reached its peak yesterday, when five registrars dealt with a continuous rush of couples.

Many men who have been called up, or expect to be called, brought forward their wedding date, some of them obtaining a special licence.

U.S. EXPECTING

THE BREMEN

New York, Saturday. The New York office of the North German Lloyd said today that the liner Bremen was expected to arrive on Monday, although it was reported that the liner had been ordered to return to Germany.—B.U.P.

GUNS MANNED

AT GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar, Saturday. All guns, searchlights and listening posts at Gibraltar are fully manned, and the majority at the garrison have taken up their stations. The City Council is making lists of the civil population for the scheme to evacuate children, the aged and infirm women and unemployed.—Exchange.

MORE SHIPS RECALLED

Helsingfors, Saturday. Several British ships in Finnish ports have been ordered by their owners to return to Britain immediately, even without taking in their cargoes, which were to be chiefly timber.

Other ships on the way to Finland from Britain were called back by wireless.—B.U.P.

There's Still "Laughter In Court"

"I AM tired of my wife's interference between me and my young lady," declared a man at Tottenham police court.

Husband: Half my income is devoted to domestic purposes. The other half I give to my wife.

Husband: The friendship between my father-in-law and me dates from the time I first met my wife's mother.

Wife: I told my husband I thought he was as good as gold, and he said, "You mean made of money, don't you?"

Husband: The way she used to talk about darning socks, anyone would think I was a centipede.

Counsel: Are you prepared to make a home for your wife? Defendant: Certainly. And I'll even live in it myself if necessary.

Wife: My husband's usual excuse for not giving me any money is that he has nothing smaller than a £10 note.

Wife: My husband said he was going to work in the garden, but I found him digging up worms to go fishing.

Woman: I don't deny that my husband has treated me with kindness. All I say is that he hasn't treated me to anything else.

Wife: While my husband was living with me, I had to support him. Now that he was left me I think it is only fair that he should support me.

Wife: It is possible to enjoy yourself even though you are married.

Wife: At the end of the week, what with my husband and Hitler, things had about reached breaking-point.

Roosevelt Says "Countless Lives Can Yet Be Saved"

Washington, Saturday.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS MADE A SECOND APPEAL TO HERR HITLER FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF PEACE IN EUROPE, URGING HIM TO UNDERTAKE DIRECT NEGOTIATION WITH POLAND.

This appeal follows receipt of an answer to his message to President Moscicki, in which the President of Poland emphasises that the Polish Government has always considered direct negotiations between the Governments as the most appropriate method of solving difficulties between States.

President Roosevelt asks Herr Hitler to "agree to the pacific means of settlement accepted by the Government of Poland," and adds: "All the world prays that Germany, too, will accept."

The American President has telegraphed to Herr Hitler the terms of M. Moscicki's reply accepting direct negotiation or a method of conciliation. The following is the text of Mr. Roosevelt's second appeal to Herr Hitler:—

POLAND WILLING

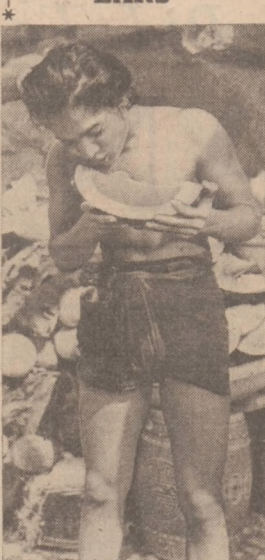
I have this hour received from the President of Poland a reply to the message which I addressed to Your Excellency and to him last night. The text of President Moscicki's reply is as follows: "I would like to emphasise that the Polish Government always considered direct negotiations between governments as the most appropriate method of solving difficulties which may arise between States. We consider this method all the more fitting when adopted between neighbouring countries."

"It was with this principle in view that Poland concluded pacts of non-aggression with Germany and the U.S.S.R."

"A JUST METHOD"

"We consider likewise the method of conciliation through a third party as disinterested and impartial as yourself to be a just and equitable method in the solution of controversies arising between nations."

MIND YOUR EARS



Sabu, the young Indian film star, ducks into a large slice of melon during the shooting of "The Thief of Baghdad" at Denham, Bucks.

"GERMANY DEAD TO MORAL SENSE"

Tokyo, Saturday.

JAPANESE anger with Germany for concluding a pact with Russia reached a high pitch to-day, coupled with a warning of the possibility of a Russo-Japanese clash.

Japan is not inclined to arraign or condemn Germany, who is dead to moral sense and who justifies any Machiavellian makeshift for safeguarding her national existence," writes the "Shugashogyo," the leading Japanese commercial daily. "It would be the height of folly for Japan to attempt to blame such a country for a breach of faith."

The "Miyako Shimbu" says it is out of the question that the advisability or otherwise of the conclusion of a military alliance between Japan and Germany should be discussed again.

"The readjustment of relations between Japan and the Soviet Union is impossible in present circumstances," declares the "Asahi Shimbu."

"This is especially so in view of the fact that the Soviet Union will be given a free hand in the Far East."

The paper predicts the imminence of a military clash between Japan and Russia.

The Japanese War Office spokesman said the German-Soviet Pact had caused "no small dissatisfaction" among the Japanese people.—Reuter.

North Beats South In Crossword

READERS WHO WON £73 EACH

ONCE again the North proves to be "Cock of the Crossword Walk," carrying off 12 of the 17 cheques for £73 10s. 8d., to be awarded in connection with "The People" £1,250 Competition No. 165.

What about it, Southern folk? Surely, with a glittering, must-be-won cash prize of £1,250 in the offing, you can do better than this!

A few well-spent minutes devoted to completing the square in Page Fourteen, minutes of happy recreation, and you, too, can enjoy the thrill of receiving a handsome cash reward for your efforts. Get down to it and show those canny Northerners what you can do.

Even though you miss one of the "plums," you may still win a prize that you can show to your friends with pride, for there are unlimited awards for first and second runners-up.

Many of the readers who have "clicked" this week pay tribute to "The Competitor's World," which, they say, has helped them to success.

CROSSWORD No. 165

In connection with Crossword No. 165, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of answers on one square were the following 17 competitors, who submitted squares differing at one point only from the Committee's decision (see below):

Mrs. G. A. Armstrong, 7 Bloomfield-cres., Hford, Essex.
Mr. F. Blackshaw, 113, Adcroft-st., Stockport.

Mr. F. W. Cole, Bennettsbridge, Kilkenny, Eire.
Mr. J. Costelloe, 29, Chamberlain-ave., Stoke-on-Trent.

Mrs. G. E. Cox, 7, Holywell Hill, St. Albans, Herts.
Mr. W. Dobbin, 19, Attimore-rd., rd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Mr. F. Fisher, 27, Anchor-st., Oldham.
Mr. A. T. Harding, 42, Ings-rd., Wakefield, Yorks.

Mrs. Latham, 25, Beverley-gdns., Cullerston, Northumberland.
Mrs. M. Liddle, 59, Church-rd., Rainford, St. Helens, Lancs.

Mr. J. Moss, 107, Manchester-rd., Hyde, Cheshire.
Mrs. A. Nettleton, 265, London-rd., Colindale.

Mr. Parkes, 308 Stony-lane, Spethwick, Staffs.
Mrs. B. E. Pigot, 14 Mossall-ave., Ainsdale, Southport.

Mr. C. A. Slaughter, "The Martlet," Rudwick, Blyth, Northumberland.
Mrs. E. Wills, 14b, Winship-st., Newsham, Blyth, Northumberland.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, these competitors share the £1,250 first prize and will each receive a cheque for £73 10s. 8d.

Any other entrant who believes that he, or she, submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than first post Wednesday, August 30, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted, and postal order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny"

and addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes. 1st runners-up—142 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best squares received, will be notified and given a choice of one of the 18 articles.

2nd runners-up—839 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best squares received, will be notified: each lady will receive an Egg Set as purchased by Queen Mary and each gentleman an All-wool Travelling Rug.

Extracts from the reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 165 form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in this week's "The Competitor's World."

This free publication may be obtained on application. Send 6d. P.O. made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /Ss Co./ to cover postage for the next twelve issues. Address your envelope "The People," Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

"THE PEOPLE'S" CROSSWORD No. 165

The most meritorious answers used by competitors decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee were those shown in the square below.

One square contains two letters to indicate that at this point competitors who used the words FOSE or HOSE were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

W	B	I	L	L	F
W	I	L	L	B	O
C	O	Y	S	A	N
K	D	A	T	E	E
F	E	A	T	S	A
T	E	A	R	S	H
S	R	F	U	S	E
A	P	T	I	T	A
L	A	S	H	E	D
E	P	A	M	O	S
P	I	T	C	H	S
P	A	D	F	O	R
E	S	T	S		

CAMP AFTER WEDDING



The Hon. Max Aitken, eldest son of Lord Bute, and his wife, Mrs. Aitken, yesterday, to Miss Paul's, Portman-Sq., yesterday, to Miss Cynthia H. G. Monteith. Only a few friends were present, among whom was Henry Cotton, the golfer. Directly after the ceremony Mr. Aitken returned to camp with his squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force.

MOUNTIES GET THEIR SHIP—A NAZI

Quebec, Saturday.

OFFICERS of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, bearing a warrant for the seizure of the German freighter Koenigsberg on a charge of theft, boarded the vessel as she was steaming down the St. Lawrence, homeward bound.

The warrant had been requested by the consignees of her 400-ton cargo, consisting mainly of zinc oxide.

It was alleged that the captain of the Koenigsberg, after receiving orders from Germany to sail for home, refused to stop and unload his cargo, but grabbed an axe, cut the cables, and for full speed, fled down the river. The Koenigsberg was brought to Quebec Harbour and was forbidden to sail until a bond for £3,000 had been put up.—Reuter.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

by

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All Furniture purchased between Aug. 27th & Sept. 30th, 1939, on Campbells helpful period payments can be returned in case of emergency by mutual consent without further payment other than the rental up-to-date

Campbells
THE GREAT NATIONAL FURNISHERS

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BRADFORD: 85-89, Manchester Rd. SHEFFIELD: 111-119, Pinstone Street

GLASGOW: 61-63, Union Street LEEDS: 70, The Headrow

LIVERPOOL: 19-21, High Street MANCHESTER: 13, 15-16, Strickland St.

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Post to nearest branch in 6d. stamped, UNSEALED envelope. E.P. 6-39



ABOUND CHILD'S DAY!

Blind!—yet she is happy—skipping, playing games, running races, learning to read and to write—to make things. How is she enabled to start the battle of life so merrily, despite her handicap? "ILLUSTRATED" OUT NEXT WEDNESDAY, shows you in a series of exclusive pictures, the splendid work that is being done for Blind children.

"Illustrated"—the great new-style pictorial weekly is the eyes of the world. Its wonderful pictures are living records of the drama of life and events. It brings to your notice a host of vital things that are happening in the world today—things that are an inspiration, an education—sometimes even your duty to see. There is plenty of proof of this in the issue out on Wednesday. Here for instance are some of the other pictorial features:

Nuremberg

What happens at the great Annual Nazi Rally, illustrated—out on Wednesday—has secured pages of exclusive pictures of this historic event.

Suffering for Science

"Illustrated" contains amazing photographs of a daring sea diver who suffered agonies for the sake of science.

Oh! You've probably laughed your head off at Lupino Lane—comedian. Now come with "Illustrated" and meet him in private. You'll be surprised at his many strange hobbies.

Paris Nymphs Very hardy ones, too. And how they work to become graceful, rhythmic beauties! You'll like the superb photographs of these girls in "Illustrated."

In addition to pictures "Illustrated" gives you pages in COLOUR, five complete stories and many joke drawings. Place an order with your newsagent at once to supply "Illustrated" to you next Wednesday and every Wednesday. For to miss even only one issue of Britain's greatest pictorial journal is to miss not only a big slice of life every week but also the biggest value for 2d.

Illustrated

OUT ON WEDNESDAY-TWOPENCE

Preparations For War Continue Throughout All European Countries

GERMANY CALLS MEN OF 50 TO THE COLOURS

1s. 4d.
A DAY
FOR A.T.S.

MEMBERS of the women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, the War Office has decided, are to get 1s. 4d. a day pay when called up for service.

If they pass the necessary trade tests for clerical duties they will get 1s. 10d. to 2s. 6d. a day, according to qualifications.

Officers and N.C.O.s will receive:—

	Per day.
Chief Commandant	28 8
Senior Commandant	19 0
Company Commander	11 0
Junior Commander	8 8
Company Assistant	7 4
Section Leader	5 8
Sub-Leader	4 0
There are lower rates for "local service."	

Normally, free rations and accommodation will be provided, but when this cannot be arranged cash allowances ranging from 8s. 9d. a day for chief commandant to 3s. 8d. a day for volunteers will be issued.

Officers are provided with an outfit grant for the purchase of uniform, and "privates" are provided with a free issue of uniform and an allowance for its maintenance.

Travelling and subsistence allowances are payable at the same rates as for officers and soldiers of the Territorial Army of equivalent rank.

BOGUS A.R.P.
MEN "CONDEMN"
SHELTERS

RESIDENTS in Streatham, London, S.W., have been the victims of a strange and apparently purposeless hoax.

They have been visited by two men in blue uniforms with peaked caps, who have claimed to be A.R.P. officials inspecting shelters.

After looking at the refugees they consult between themselves and finally say that the shelters are "useless."

Police trying to find these men are puzzled by the strange hoax, as no attempt has been made to defraud householders.

NUREMBERG OFF

Berlin, Saturday. The official German News Agency announced tonight that the party congress at Nuremberg will not take place.

Whether it will be held later depends on circumstances.—Reuter.

DUKE OF WINDSOR

Paris, Saturday. The Duke of Windsor's secretary said this morning: "The Duke and Duchess have made no plans whatever."

The Duke and Duchess are on the Riviera.—B.U.P.

THEY TALK OF GILPIN
AND BLACK BESS
BUT WHO IS THIS?
WELL, CAN'T YOU GUESS?

To Page 18

HOUNDED ON A
HIGH-POWERED HORSE
OUR OLD FRIEND
PERCY POOL, of course!

COPE'S

THE WEEK-END RECREATION
ACCOUNTS FOR THIS
ACCELERATION

HEARTBURN

"like a knife in the throat"

Heartburn is but one of the many ailments inflicted by acid stomach. The acid pains in the throat, causing burning, stabbing and a feeling of sickness.

Providence demands that such unpleasant ailments shall be quickly corrected. If unchecked the irritation may lead to chronic stomach trouble, even to ulcer.

It is interesting to know that a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will soon bring your stomach under control. When you have acid stomach, lose no time in turning yourself to the long list of cured patients who vouch for its wonderful effects. Ulcers have been cured, both at home and in hospital, and many painful ailments avoided by its timely use.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder corrects acidity and acts as a gentle laxative of stomach and intestines. It is genuine Maclean's signature. ALEX. C. MACLEAN appears on bottle labels. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets) 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or tablets. 1/2; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).—Adv.

CROSSING TO NUMBER TEN



Sir Neville Henderson, British Ambassador to Germany, crossing from the Foreign Office to No. 10, Downing-st. after his arrival yesterday from Berlin.

Continued from page One

HITLER WAITS
FOR LONDON

"While the Chancelleries discuss, the cannon must be still. This pause gives rise to a tenuous hope as to the final outcome of the extremely grave crisis."

The Vatican newspaper "Osservatore Romano" wrote: "The general uprising of the world against the threat of war has led to lull for reflection. It is time to finish with this suspense over an unknown abyss. Peace does not consist in failing to precipitate an armed conflict between Germany and Poland."

BERLIN MARKS TIME

This diplomatic activity in Rome was outlined in an official communiqué issued yesterday. It revealed that on Friday the Duce received the German Ambassador, who brought a long message telephoned by Herr Hitler.

Mussolini gave an immediate answer to that message. The reply was telephoned to the Italian Ambassador in Berlin, who gave it to the Fuehrer at 6 p.m. Three and a half hours later the Duce again saw the German Ambassador and received a second message from Hitler.

Yesterday morning the French Ambassador called on Count Ciano at the Foreign Office and talked with him for more than half an hour.

Throughout all this activity Signor Mussolini remained in constant communication with Herr Hitler.

He also received his Army Chiefs. So far as the Fascist call to arms is concerned, it is proof, according to Count Ciano's newspaper, "Il Telegrafo," that the Italian Government intends to proceed with calmness. . . . The Italian Government is doing all possible to save peace, even by her own attitude in taking all necessary military precautions."

While London was busy discussing Hitler's latest proposal, Berlin yesterday marked time pending knowledge of Britain's reaction to the plan.

RUMOURS IN GERMANY

The German capital was agog with rumours, but no confirmation of various reports circulating could be obtained. One rumour was that Danzig and the Corridor would return to Germany, and that Poland would get another corridor, but there was no explanation of how this was to be achieved.

Another report current last night was that Sir Neville Henderson, when he saw Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden, proposed, on behalf of Mr. Chamberlain, that the Fuehrer should give a pledge not to take military action for four days. In that period diplomatic efforts could be made to find a peaceful settlement of the crisis.

Hitler is reported to have declined to give a formal pledge. It was also reported, but not confirmed, that Hitler had planned to march into Poland at 8 a.m. yesterday, but he changed his mind in view of Sir Neville Henderson's flight to London with the reported peace plan.

WHILE HITLER AWAITED NEWS FROM LONDON HE RESUMED THE TALKS WITH GOERING AND VON RIBBENTROP WHICH HAD BEEN ADJOURNED EARLY YESTERDAY MORNING.

TALKS WITH DANZIG

Hitler, besides remaining in touch with Rome, kept in constant telephonic communication with Herr Forster, leader of the Danzig Nazis. Several times yesterday Hitler had a long talk with his Danzig lieutenant.

Last night the Fuehrer began at the Chancellery a conference with M. Coulondre, the French Ambassador. A guard of honour from Hitler's bodyguard greeted M. Coulondre. The Ambassador, it is understood, delivered to the Fuehrer the French Government's reply to Herr Hitler's statement to the Ambassador yesterday, the reply being based on M. Daladier's broadcast on Friday night.

M. Coulondre, it is learned, was instructed to recall France's commitments obliging France to fight if Germany moves to attack for the partition of Poland.

The tone of the Berlin Press remained unchanged.

"Reliable reports from the Polish border regions," says one German news agency, "show plainly that the Poles intend to attack German territory," while the "12-Uhr Blatt," referring to President Roosevelt's appeals to Hitler, declares: "The fate of the German people rests in such marvellous hands that it is a waste of time and postage stamps to give us advice."

(Continued in foot of next column)

ITALIANS BANNED FROM
ENTERING FRANCE

WAR PREPARATIONS CONTINUED THROUGHOUT EUROPE YESTERDAY, ESPECIALLY IN GERMANY, WHERE RESERVISTS, EVEN AS OLD AS BETWEEN FORTY AND FIFTY, WERE CALLED UP.

Throughout the night policemen went round Berlin knocking at doors and warning reservists of all classes to "report immediately."

Here are other reports from the various countries affected by the tension.

GERMANY.—Numbers of Japanese residents are leaving Berlin. Aeroplanes carried out a night-long patrol over the capital.

Anti-aircraft guns on roofs of buildings are constantly manned. All German ships have now been ordered to return or remain in German ports.

PETROL AT 4s. 4d.

ITALY.—Italy has closed her frontier with France. Italian troops, including carabinieri, are to be seen in strength along the frontier.

Trains into France were crowded with British and French people returning to their respective home countries. Italians with businesses in London or Paris were ordered to leave trains bound for France at Turin.

Petrol (up 1s. 4d. a gallon to 4s. 4d.) and coffee prices have been increased by Royal decree.

FRANCE.—A new order has been issued prohibiting Italians crossing the border into France.

Large queues reported at the various gas-mask distributing centres in Paris. Shortage of buses and taxis continued. Hundreds of women reported to enrol in the voluntary services.

The staff of the German Lufthansa Airline Company evacuated their premises at Marignac aerodrome near Marseilles, and have returned to Germany.

But in spite of the general tension and warlike preparations, the general feeling among Frenchmen prevails that war will be averted by Britain's firmness in collaboration with France.

PROFITEERS CHECKED
POLAND.—M. Moscicki, President of Poland, has addressed the following telegram to the King:—

"At the moment when our two Governments have just attached their signatures to the document which is intended to strengthen still further the relations of friendship between Poland and the United Kingdom, I wish to express my profound conviction that this agreement, which creates new bonds between our countries, will contribute to consolidate in the world the great principles of equity and justice."

Warsaw, a doomed city if war breaks out, continued to take the crisis in its stride. There were few gas masks, no A.R.P. posters, no sign of panic and little evidence of military activity. But the Premier is supervising defence measures. The "Lux Nord Express" arrived with all its windows broken after its journey

(Continued from preceding column)

The newly signed Anglo-Polish Treaty is viewed in Berlin as a fresh encouragement for the Poles. "Great Britain," said one political commentator to Reuter, "has thus told Poland to continue on her way, regardless of past events."

News from other capitals was:—

PARIS

No surprise was caused in official quarters by the news of the recall to Paris of M. Naggair, French Ambassador to Moscow.

It is felt that the Ambassador may be able to throw more light on the German-Soviet pact of non-aggression. In well-informed quarters in Paris the opinion is held that besides the pact there is a secret treaty amounting practically to a complete alliance between Germany and Russia.

M. Daladier, the French Premier, after an interview with M. Bonnet, the Foreign Minister, yesterday, received Mr. Bullitt, the American Ambassador.

WARSAW

Colonel Beck, Foreign Secretary, received the British, French, American and Rumanian Ambassadors.

Clashes on the Polish-East Prussian frontier continued yesterday. According to Polish reports, German troops, firing from an ambush inside Poland, shot and killed Sgt. Grabowski, of the Polish frontier guard.

Shooting affrays took place at a dozen other places, and the Poles declare that members of the German minority have set fire to their homes in order to prove that Poles were oppressing Germans.

At 6.10 a.m. yesterday, near the frontier at Czesstokowa, German force of about 160 soldiers approached the frontier. Some crossed the border and, after remaining on the Polish side for half an hour, went back to Germany. They are stated to have made preparations for building a bridge.

DANZIG

A number of German photographers in Danzig yesterday admitted that they "were on hand to photograph the march in of the German troops."

Meanwhile the Nazis were gradually strengthening their hold on Danzig territory, and preparations (says B.U.P.) were being made for the expected arrival of German troops.

Empire Prepares

AIR FORCE
READY FOR
WAR STATIONS

REPORTS yesterday showed that the Empire is standing behind Britain.

CANADIAN Air Force units have been ordered to be prepared to move to war stations.

Leave of all members of the Canadian permanent Forces has been cancelled.

ARMY CHIEF RECALLED

MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. LAVARACK, Chief of the Australian General Staff, and Lt.-Col. E. K. Smart, Military Liaison Officer, have been called home from London.

NEW ZEALAND READY

NEW ZEALAND is prepared for all eventualities, Mr. Fraser, the acting Prime Minister, announced after a meeting of the Defence Council.

Mr. Jones, the Minister of Defence, said that the Defence Department now considered that they had sufficient men to provide fairly well for the defence of New Zealand.

PARLIAMENT RECALLED

THE South African Parliament has been recalled for September 2.

The insinuation that General Hertzog and his Cabinet had declared for neutrality is strongly rejected by Senator C. F. Clarkson, Minister for Public Works.

"Never was there a grosser libel," he declared. "Like Canada, the South African people will decide."—Reuter and B.U.P.

Ld. Halifax Poses—
And Asks a Poser

LORD HALIFAX, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, HAD A LITTLE JOKE WITH PHOTOGRAPHERS IN DOWNING-ST. YESTERDAY. He was crossing from the Foreign Office to Number Ten, and, as has been the case for several days, he was immediately confronted with a battery of cameras.

He paused for a few seconds to oblige the photographers, and then smilingly commented, "Surely, I do not change very much from day to day, do I?"

MAN KILLED BY
LIGHTNING ON
BOWLING-GREEN

Three men playing bowls at Peel Green, Swinton, Lancs, yesterday, were struck by lightning.

Alfred Knowles, aged forty-five, was killed, and Stanley Hardman and Stanley Knight were injured.

"There was a sudden blazing light," said the fourth player, who was uninjured. "Knowles seemed to explode. His clothing flew all over the place."



MAY... the little Cinderella

WOMEN'S WASHDAY DRUDGERY
ENDED FOR EVER!

FOR countless women washday no longer spells drudgery, ending in weariness and backache. The easy, modern Rinsos methods have changed all that for good and all!

Listen! Simply give whites the Rinsos 2-minute boil. First damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinsos. Tip the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinsos suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. Boil them for just 2 minutes—and they'll be snowy!

Give coloureds the Rinsos 12-minute soak in hand-hot Rinsos suds. That's all they need to be fresh and bright as when you bought them.

Woolens and fine things, of course, need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinsos suds. And Rinsos is so economical! . . . it costs only 3d., 6d., or 1/- a packet!

RINSO

R2793-196-55

R.S. Hudson Limited, London

I CAN PROVE ALL I HAVE WRITTEN HERE

Until A Few Weeks Ago I Suffered from
DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, A DULL HEAVY
FEELING ALL DAY LONG, FLATULENCE, AND I
ALWAYS HAD A COLD

My Health Has Improved All Round
THANKS TO

"YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic Tablets

Dear Sirs,
Thanks for Yeast-Vite, it is a wonderful medicine.
Until a few weeks ago I suffered from Dyspepsia, Nervous
Debility a dull heavy feeling all day long, Flatulence, and I
always had a cold. These together with smoking
cigarettes heavily made me feel a wreck.
Now all the above illness has been
removed after only one month's treat-
ment with Yeast-Vite.

My nerves are steady, my desire for
smoking heavily has gone and my stom-
ach feels grand. Glands are no more.

My health has improved all round
thanks to Yeast-Vite.
I can prove all that I have written here
so if you wish to use this letter for the
benefit of others to read of Yeast-Vite
you may do so.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. Burrows.

9 YEARS' SUFFERING EASED IN A DAY "A New Woman at 61"

Dear Sirs,
Reading your advt. one day, when I
was in great pain with Gastric Ulcers, I sent my
husband to get a bottle of "Yeast-Vite"
to try.

When I tell you I had just got to that
stage when I had given up all hope,
after having X-ray treatment, and having
been ill for 9 years, you cannot wonder
I felt down. I was always being
doubled up in pain, sometimes I could
not even walk, so feel I must thank you
for your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" tablets.
After taking one day's tablets the pain
began to ease, and now I am thankful to
say I have not a pain and I feel a new
woman. My age is 61.

I told my neighbour about them, she
suffers with sleeplessness, and they have
also done her good. I shall certainly
never be without them now, and I shall
be only too pleased to advise anyone
who tells me they are suffering, to try
"Yeast-Vite."

Sincerely Yours,
M.S.

"I Was Terribly Run-down"

Northumberland.

Dear Sirs,
I have very great pleasure in writing
to tell you of the wonderful tonic prop-
erties of your Yeast-Vite Tablets. I
was terribly run-down, and had tried
medicines galore, but nothing has done
me more good than your valuable Tablets.
I can recommend them to anyone who
is ailing and run-down.

I am, Dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mr. G. S.

OUR OFFER

Why not try Yeast-Vite your-
self? If you suffer from Head-
aches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
Nerves, Indigestion, Sleepless-
ness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3
bottle at once. If you don't feel
better QUICKLY, simply return
the empty carton to Irving's
Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, with-
in one month of purchase, and
your money will be refunded.
YEAST-VITE sold everywhere,
6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

JUST OUT NEW ILLUSTRATED COLOURED LIST NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

BUNGALOWS from £27	5% SECURE	GREENHOUSES from 62/6 or 6/- down	SPORTS PATIOS from £12-7-6
"OXFORD" SUMMER HOUSES from 52/6	2% SECURE	GARDEN FRAMES from 24/-	RUSTIC GATES from 50/-
Small Greenhouses from 49/- to £1 down	5% SECURE	MOTOR HOUSES in Wood and Ashford from 82/6 or 6/- down	POULTRY HOUSES from 27/6 or 2/- down

A KEY TO HAPPINESS and PROFIT!

and a Treasure House
of 1000 Bargains!

JUST ask to see this gorgeous new Littlewood Catalogue! Turn its 250 pages, and see the Unbeatable Bargains, superbly illustrated on every page. Bargains for Housewives and Girls; astounding values in household goods, clothing, kiddie's articles. Something for everyone you know!

And look further! Can't you see in it the key to NEW FRIENDSHIPS, NEW INTERESTS and HAPPINESS?

That's what this Wonder Catalogue has brought to thousands of married women, girls and men who are now Organisers of Littlewood 1/- Clubs.

They get a **SURE, REGULAR SPARE-TIME INCOME**—and the Littlewood Catalogue makes it easy! You have only to show the Catalogue to friends; they can't resist joining your Club! They introduce you to more friends—and so your circle grows in a pleasant, dignified way.

Do you think you can form a Club of 10 to 20 Members? If so, we are ready to send you the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue and Complete Club Outfit, value 5/-, **FREE**. Use the Coupon.

INVITATION COUPON

I should like to try my hand at running a Littlewood Club. Please send me, **FREE**, your 250-page Catalogue and Complete Club Outfit. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name (in full) _____ (State Mr., Mrs., or Miss and write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

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Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

A. W. Helliwell Discovers Yorkshire's "Grit"

MEN OF THE BULLDOG BREED

They've Taken A Knock, But Things Are Looking Up Nowadays!

RIGHT UNDER MY FEET THE WILD AND EMPTY MOORLAND
SPILLED STEEPLY INTO A VAST, SMOKY HOLLOW CLUTTERED
WITH A TANGLE OF CHIMNEY STACKS AND GREY ROOF TOPS.

Down there in the great square mills, shuttles
were dancing wildly as they weaved cloth by the mile
for the markets of the world.

Beneath its pall of soot the sprawling town throbbed with life. There was noise and bustle, the rumble of traffic on its streets, and the steady beat of great machines behind its factory walls.

Yet where I stood the air had a crisp, clean tang, and a crystal stream ran chuckling between the stones.

Behind me the moors unrolled their beauty against cloudless sky, with here and there a hint of the purple glory that will cover them in the autumn.

If I stepped back half a dozen paces the valley, smoking for all the world like some giant witch's cauldron, was lost to view, and there was nothing to see but the breath-taking panorama of moor and sky, nothing to hear but the sharp cry of the curlews.

It was easy then to imagine myself a hundred miles from civilisation, instead of which, ringed about me, and all within easy driving distance, were the great woolen cities of Yorkshire—Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Leeds and Dewsbury—all thundering with industry.

That is the charm of the West Riding. It has managed to capture all the dirt and ugliness of its commerce in the folds of its hills and dales.

No one, not even the staunchest Yorkshireman or the most loyal inhabitant, could call any of these towns attractive. They were—and they are again now, I am glad to record—far too busy making money and clothing the rest of the world to worry about that.

HERE IN THE WEST RIDING THEY WILL TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE IN THE ONLY PART OF YORKSHIRE THAT MATTERS. THEY HAVE NO GREAT OPINION OF THE OTHER RIDINGS—THE EAST AND NORTH—AND WITH CHARACTERISTIC YORKSHIRE BLUNTNESS THEY DON'T HESITATE TO SAY SO.

How far this is true I am not prepared to argue. All I can say is that in the West Riding I found plenty of the Yorkshire—sturdy, broad-shouldered, outspoken folk, a little aggressive until you get to know them, and with a healthy and undisguised contempt for the "graces" of the South.

They are of the bulldog breed, with the same stubborn tenacity of purpose that nothing in the world can shake, once their teeth are set.

"ROLLING IN" Hard, well-nigh uncrackable nuts to encounter in business, I should imagine. I don't suppose there is another county in Britain with the same flair for accumulating t'brass as they call it.

Well, they should be in good spirits in the West Riding today, for t'brass is certainly rolling in again.

Colossal fortunes were made out of wool in the West Riding. Millionaires were ten pence. Not the ostentatious, social-climber type; but plain, self-made men who made no pretence of their humble birth, and who, if it struck them, thought nothing of stopping their cars at the fish-and-chip bar on the way home.

MANY OF THEM WERE RUINED WHEN THEIR TRADE LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, RAN INTO STORMY WEATHER. SOLID, OLD-ESTABLISHED FIRMS SWAYED, TOPPLED, CRASHED, AND WERE SWEEP AWAY.

Yorkshire looked glum and tightened its belt. There was "nowt" doing. But today there is another story to be told—a glad story of revival in the West Riding. In Leeds, the great mass production clothing factories are taking on more and more hands every day.

In Bradford, Huddersfield and Halifax, mills that have been closed for years are opening again.

In Dewsbury, the "shoddy town of

sees greater opportunities, ready to work his head off when he spots a winner.

I heard of one man who founded his fortune on a ramshackle little pony-trap in which he used to drive miners to the pit for a few coppers.

When he could afford it he bought up an old rag-and-bone, then a second-hand bus, finishing up as owner of a huge and prosperous transport fleet.

SOLD FOR £2,000 Another man left the pit to push a home-made ice-cream cart around the mining villages. As soon as he saw the menace of competition from the multiple firms with their smart tricycles he got out and started a newspaper round.

From this he progressed to a shop and then to a petrol station, which he sold for £2,000 profit within a month. He is now dealing in real estate—and doing well, so they told me.

THOSE ARE THE SORT OF STORIES YOU HEAR IN THE WEST RIDING—STORIES OF MEN WHO HAVE LAUNCHED OUT WITH A FEW SHILLINGS AND FINISHED UP WORTH THOUSANDS.

I went into Dewsbury, that strange town of "mungo and shoddy," which is nothing more nor less than a refuse dump for the rags of the world.

But don't turn up your nose. Without the rags there would be no riches, and there have been scores of fortunes made from the dirty odds and ends that come pouring into Dewsbury by the ton, to be sorted and cleaned, minced and finally transformed into fabric again.

Men have walked into the rag market there with five shillings between them and the workhouse, and ended that coming business worth thousands. That is no exaggeration. It is literally true.

In a cafe in the town I was introduced to a man who started in the "mungo" trade with five shillings capital. Today he is worth a quarter of a million, although to look at him, with his dusty bowler, his ill-pressed suit, and heavy, square-toed boots, you would never credit it.

But then in Dewsbury you can never tell whether the man sitting next to you is worth £50,000 or fifty bob. They all look alike, and they all hail one another as "Tom" or "Harry" or "Jack."

MIND YOU, ALTHOUGH IT HAS NOT SUFFERED SO SEVERELY AS SOUTH WALES AND SOME PARTS OF LANCASHIRE, THE WEST RIDING HAS HAD ITS BAD TIMES.

In Dewsbury the "mungo" trade kept going, but it was only a shadow of its former self.

In the last six months, however, the town had sprung to life again. The little knots of men with nothing to do but gossip had disappeared from the street corners. Mills that were idle are working at full pressure again.

In Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield and Leeds too, unemployment figures have fallen rapidly since the beginning of the year.

Money is beginning to circulate, and more important still, a new spirit is beginning to circulate with it.

SKILL AND CRAFT Yorkshire is beginning to stick its chin out again," one man said to me. And that seems a very apt way of describing it. The Yorkshire chin—and it is a good, square, determined chin—is jutting out with more confidence than it has done for years.

Don't, from what I have written, run away with the impression that everyone is making a fortune down there. I have only told you those stories to illustrate that very definite Yorkshire flair for accumulating t'brass.

Whether you're in the Hosiery list or not makes no difference to Smarts! Its huge business has been founded on a policy of trust and square dealing. No needless questions are asked and even references are not required. Everything is private, straightforward, friendly.

3 Furniture without Peer. The quality of Smarts furniture is evident in every line. Yet you'll be surprised how reasonable prices are! Smarts experts will move everything into your home, skillfully lay your carpets and linoleum, set to everything—without extra charge!

4 And to Crown it all—there's Smarts Security. Unexpected illness or trouble cannot mar your happiness for Smarts are always understanding at such times and their Free Fire & Life Policy is a further valuable protection. Even should you have to suspend the small payments altogether everything paid for is yours less a small adjustment for use enjoyed. Come to Smarts Showrooms! Or post coupon below for Smarts Free "Wonder Book" Catalogue.

FEAST YOUR EYES ON LUXURY FURNITURE—POST THIS

SMARTS 50 Years of Quality Credit Furnishing

TO SMART BROS. LTD. Please send me a FREE copy of your "Wonder Book" Catalogue, which also gives me full details of the "Easier to Pay—Smarts 4-Year Way." This does not put me under any obligation whatever.

PATIENT TO BE PROUD OF!



Rancee II, seven-months-old tigress at Melbourne Zoo, is so tame that she can be given her medicine by the head-keeper's daughter.

WHOLE ARSENAL TEAM OFF SIDE—OF THE RAILWAY

WHEN the Arsenal team were travelling to Wolverhampton by railway yesterday their coach wobbled, left the line—and then regained the line.

The players were shaken, but nobody was injured.

"We're lucky to get here," said Mr. George Allison, when they reached the Molyneux ground.

Many Injured HOLIDAY TRAIN HITS BUFFERS

SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE INJURED WHEN A CROWDED TRAIN FROM PORTSMOUTH RAN INTO THE BUFFERS AT WATERLOO STATION YESTERDAY.

Four coaches jumped the rails and two were partly telescoped. Women and children returning from holiday at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight were flung in all directions by the impact.

Ambulances rushed 15 people to hospital, but fortunately their injuries were not severe, and no one was detained. A number of others were able to go home after receiving first aid treatment on the platform.

The platform was put out of commission, but there was little delay to trains elsewhere at the station.

NAMES OF INJURED

Those treated at St. George's Hospital were:

Miss Edith Fensham, aged 20, and her mother, Mrs. Edith Fensham, aged 54, of Oakley-rd., Canonbury; Mrs. Mary Alkins, 65, Boston Manor-rd., Brentford; Arthur Betts, 56, Kensington Church-st.; W. Albert Dugan, 34, Arundel House, Hailton-rd., N.; Mrs. Sarah Hatterley, 66, Harvest-rd., Kensal Rise; Mrs. Edith Hector, 20, Fordwych-rd., Brondesbury; Eltham; Miss Beatrice Hately, 21, Maryat-rd., Sheffield.

Mrs. Olive Randall, 50, Hurst-rd., Sidcup, Kent; Mrs. Alice Packwood, 50, Benton-rd., Spart Hill, Birmingham; Mayra McGuire, aged 9, Sylvan-rd., Snarebrook; Luke Horan, 39, Edgemoor House, S.W.; Harry Hoare, 32, Forby-rd., Southsea; and William Walker, 16, kitchen boy, of Portsmouth.

FURNISH today

EASIER TO PAY

SMARTS 4-YEAR WAY

Smarts Popular Sayings No. 29

Smarts can help you to live like a lord

- 1 Live in the lap of luxury... furnish a princely home now through the "Easier to Pay—Smarts 4-Year Way"! No silk purse? Who cares! Smarts are the famous "No Deposit" people—your first small monthly instalment (as little as 15/- for £36 worth of quality furniture) is all you have to pay. Your savings "stay put".
- 2 difference to Smarts! Its huge business has been founded on a policy of trust and square dealing. No needless questions are asked and even references are not required. Everything is private, straightforward, friendly.
- 3 Furniture without Peer. The quality of Smarts furniture is evident in every line. Yet you'll be surprised how reasonable prices are! Smarts experts will move everything into your home, skillfully lay your carpets and linoleum, set to everything—without extra charge!
- 4 And to Crown it all—there's Smarts Security. Unexpected illness or trouble cannot mar your happiness for Smarts are always understanding at such times and their Free Fire & Life Policy is a further valuable protection. Even should you have to suspend the small payments altogether everything paid for is yours less a small adjustment for use enjoyed. Come to Smarts Showrooms! Or post coupon below for Smarts Free "Wonder Book" Catalogue.

SMARTS

50 Years of Quality Credit Furnishing

TO SMART BROS. LTD. Please send me a FREE copy of your "Wonder Book" Catalogue, which also gives me full details of the "Easier to Pay—Smarts 4-Year Way." This does not put me under any obligation whatever.

NAME _____ (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS _____

POST TO NEAREST BRANCH (Use id. stamp and unopened envelope)

19-25 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES:

Birmingham	25 Upper St. Martin's
Bradford	25 Upper St. Martin's
Canterbury	25 Upper St. Martin's
Cardiff	25 Upper St. Martin's
Edinburgh	25 Upper St. Martin's
Exeter	25 Upper St. Martin's
Gloucester	25 Upper St. Martin's
Leeds	25 Upper St. Martin's
Liverpool	25 Upper St. Martin's
Manchester	25 Upper St. Martin's
Newcastle-on-Tyne	25 Upper St. Martin's
Nottingham	25 Upper St. Martin's
Portsmouth	25 Upper St. Martin's
Reading	25 Upper St. Martin's
Sheffield	25 Upper St. Martin's
Southampton	25 Upper St. Martin's
Wolverhampton	25 Upper St. Martin's

ALL BRANCHES OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY

Twelve Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's worn by horseman and huntsman; it's found on a cock's leg; it's an impulse; it's a stimulus. What is it?
- 2.—It's an important part of a tree; it's frequently seen on a railway platform; it's a telephone call. What is it?
- 3.—It's an old-fashioned farm implement; it's made up of a staff hinged to a longer staff or handle; it's used for threshing corn by hand. What is it?
- 4.—It's a sudden fright causing horses or cattle to scatter and run; it's an impulsive movement on the part of a large number of persons. What is it?
- 5.—It's a kind of metal; it's a variety of hop; it's a type of book. What is it?
- 6.—It's a vessel with a narrow mouth or spout; it's used for holding liquors; it's a flat kind of bottle used in the wine trade. What is it?
- 7.—It's a village in Yorkshire; it's the name given to a famous battle; it's the name of a well-known football enclosure in London. Name it.
- 8.—It's the name of one of England's most popular queens; it's the name of a famous London park. What is it?
- 9.—It's a mess; it's a form of thin soft muslin. What is it?
- 10.—It's an architectural feature of some churches; it's either of the transverse arms extending North and South in a cruciform type of church. What is it?
- 11.—It's a small depression or hollow; it's found on the cheek; it's sometimes seen on the chin. Name it.
- 12.—It's invaluable for garden plants during summer time; it's a surface layer of manure or decayed vegetable matter to keep the ground or the roots of plants moist. What is it?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE THIRTEEN.)

Lydia of an ACTRESS SPY

THERE was a jangling of keys outside the cell door and Lydia Schonburg jumped to her feet expectantly. For three weeks she had been a prisoner in the Alexanderplatz jail, with the fear of death haunting her day and night. A hundred times she reviled herself for having once thought that spying was the child's play it appeared on the films. She had arrived penniless in Berlin from Vienna, fully convinced that spying was an easy way to wealth.

Ten or twelve years previously, when Lydia was at the height of her fame as an actress, she could have commanded her own price. But she was now forty-two, a trifle too plump, and the possession of a reputation, professionally described as temperamental, which made all the Continental producers fight shy of her. Putting it bluntly, Lydia was through.

She had a fancy for emulating Mata Hari, without suffering the unhappy fate of that lady. To Berlin, then, she had come, with a fine wardrobe but no cash. The latter she proposed to get by turning spy.

Her ideas ran on France. Sizing up the situation with her native shrewd-

ness, she decided that Paris was the market where real money was to be had. With war talk in the air, the French would pay anything for German secrets.

But she was in too great a hurry. A stout major from the Reichwehr, who had apparently fallen victim to her charms, ungratefully told the Secret Police enough for them to call upon Lydia, just as she was dressing for dinner, and lock her up for the night. Lydia had her tale pat, but couldn't convince them. She had no means, no

tain mental reservations, but they would keep for the future. An odd part in London she found a few old friends in the film and theatrical world. They greeted her casually and told her that her chance of getting back into pictures was slight.

She didn't mind. Her plan was first to acquire a background. It was a useful excuse for meeting the Bohemian set around the West End and to damn the Nazis up hill and down dale. She had lurid stories innumerable to tell of their misdeeds, and continually let it be known, in no uncertain voice, that she would do anything to injure them.

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Before the evening was out she had fastened on to a Captain Hastings. An

invitation to lunch the following day was readily accepted by her, and Lydia rashly told herself as she went to bed in the early hours of the morning that it wouldn't be long before she would know all the secrets of the British secret service. She was ever an optimist.

When Lydia sounded him about working for the British secret service, he said: "No, no, we don't care about employing women. For one thing, it isn't fair, and for another, they have a nasty habit of falling in love at the wrong time."

Lydia was reflecting on her fate when the cell door opened. A tall, good-looking young fellow in police uniform stood outside and gave her an amiable good-morning.

A Trip To England

LYDIA was in no mood for courtesies. "Well, what do you want?" she snapped. "Have you come to set me free?"

"Not exactly," smiled her caller. "You are to come with me, please, and ask no questions."

They drove up to a building near the Wilhelmstrasse, going upstairs to a room on the first floor where Lydia was left alone. She felt a pleasant thrill, of something exciting about to happen.

Two men came in, one of whom was vaguely familiar to her. He sat down, and Lydia demanded to know what further indignity awaited her. Did they think she was a spy?

"A good actress, shall we say, Fraulein," said the man whose face she could not quite place. "But do not get excited. We have certain proposals to place before you."

"How," asked her questioner, "would you like a trip to England?"

"To England? What for?"

"It may be possible for a clever woman like you," was the answer, "to do something that would be of great service to the Reich. His eyes never left Lydia's face, but if he thought to read her thoughts he was vastly mistaken. Her years on the stage had taught her much.

Agents From England

"LET us not beat about the bush," she said decidedly. "What is it you want of me?"

There was a long pause; the man continued to study her. Then he explained.

"Germany, as you probably know, is flooded with agents from foreign countries—France and England in particular. We think, Fraulein, that it might be possible for someone like you to obtain employment, in say, the British Intelligence Service and gradually learn how their secret service in this country is organised."

If he expected Lydia to show surprise he was still mistaken. She stared back at him and merely replied: "A formidable proposition, Herr—"

The man did not enlighten her as to his name. He merely waited for her answer. Her thoughts ran on the remuneration. She forgot her fears of death.

"How much?" she asked.

"Ten thousand marks down; another hundred thousand if you succeed."

"It would be cheap at a million," the man shrugged his shoulders. "Better than years in prison," he said. "What do you say?"

Idea was running through Lydia's brain. The gist of them must have been evident, for she was interrupted with: "Pray don't think, Fraulein, that you can easily swindle us. We have ways and means of dealing with people even in London, that are highly unpleasant."

Lydia protested; with a flashing smile she signified her willingness to go to London and become what the French call agent double. True, she made cer-

men who surveyed her with great interest. How far would the captain compromise himself? Lydia found him willing enough for her ardent love-making, and as her confidence grew, she asked herself whether he might be bribed as well.

One day, when she took the plunge, "You and I, cherie," she began, "could have a happy time together."

"No doubt about that, Lydia"—pressing her hand affectionately. "If it were not for money?"

"Would you take a risk to make a big sum of money?" she asked.

"It would depend on what the risk was."

"Over in Berlin," she said seductively, "they would pay heavily for something that you could do."

M.I.5 Gets Busy

IF Hastings felt surprised, he didn't show it. "And what is it?" he enquired.

"Something," and she hesitated a trifle to see how he reacted, "about your secret service in Germany. Nothing very much, of course," she added hastily, "but just enough to enable us to satisfy them."

She waited for an outburst, but none came. Instead, her companion said, "It is worth thinking about. How much would they pay?"

Lydia lied. "Ten thousand of your English pounds, cherie. Wouldn't that be worth while?"

Hastings sat deep in thought. She looked him boldly in the face, and what she saw there made her imagine she had won.

She might not have felt so satisfied had she been aware of a little conference held that same afternoon. Four men sat round a table screaming with laughter, and the subject of their mirth was Lydia.

"What a woman!" said one. "What a nerve!" exclaimed another. "Where do they find 'em'?"

But there was no intention of having Lydia arrested. Other plans were afoot. Lydia was to have her way. Particulars of the organisation she hankered for were to be supplied, if only to see what happened.

For the next two or three days two War Office men were busily engaged with German directories. They took names from one town and fitted them on to addresses in other towns. Berlin, Leipzig, Hanover, Dresden, Hamburg, were all utilised. There was a host of particulars about each man's work, how long he had been employed, his trustworthiness, in fact, everything that would interest German counter-espionage.

Back To Berlin

LYDIA took it with barely concealed satisfaction. The idea that it might be completely false—and she didn't care if it was so long as she drew her money—made her question Hastings anxiously as to how much longer she should remain in England. He told her she must leave at once.

Nothing could have suited her plans better. But she must make a pretence of regard for his interests, and so, with affectionate solicitude, she asked how soon it would be before they could meet again.

"When you have drawn your money," said Hastings gravely. "Until then we must patiently wait. Write me to my private address when you are ready and we can then meet in Paris."

That evening he saw her off at Liverpool-st., en route to Harwich and Flushing, and thence to Berlin. They waved each other a fond farewell as the train pulled out, and if Lydia hadn't the

faintest intention of ever seeing Hastings again if she could possibly help it, he, for his part, went away saying to himself: "Poor little devil."

If he guessed aright, the Nazis would make it pretty hot for her. Lydia passed the long journey from Flushing hugging her precious sheets of paper to her bosom, at the same time bemoaning the base uses of her talents as an actress. Still, compensation was in sight—one hundred thousand marks and a quick exit to the Riviera.

She drove from the Friedrichstrasse station to a hotel in Unter den Linden, where she rang the telephone number that was her means of finding the secret service people.

An officer called for her, and Lydia found herself being welcomed by the self-same man who had first interviewed her. Her smiling face told him she had succeeded. She handed him the five sheets of foolscap paper she had brought from London, and as he read them he kept making delighted exclamations.

"Congratulations!" he said at last. "This is too wonderful for words. You must wait a day or two, of course, while we verify everything. Then your reward will be ready for you."

Lydia had to answer innumerable questions as well. Then, happier than she had been for many a long day, she was alone again to go to her hotel.

Three days she waited, her anxiety growing. Just as she was thinking of

her once more, there was a knock at her bedroom door. She rushed to open it, and a sudden fear clutched at her heart as she saw the young officer who had taken her away from Alexanderplatz jail.

His face was expressionless. All he said was: "Get your hat on, please, and come with me immediately."

Lydia obeyed. Attempts to talk on the way met with no response. She was taken upstairs again and ushered in to find awaiting her three officials whose looks boded no good.

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(To be continued.)

16 DOCTORS PROVE HOW TO OVERCOME CONSTIPATION

How Your Colon Gets "Furred up" like the inside of a Kettle

WHY MEN AND WOMEN LOSE ENERGY, YOUTHFUL VIGOUR AND FRESHNESS, SUFFER FROM NERVES, DEPRESSION, ACES, PAINS

A group of sixteen doctors working for nine months in a famous London clinic have made an important new discovery about the real cause of constipation.

These doctors carried out over 1,400 experiments on men and women volunteers. They discovered that in almost every case the cause of constipation is in the colon.

The colon is a large tube below the small intestine—a kind of "waiting room" where the body's waste matter collects after passing through 30 feet of bowel. This waste matter should always be moist and slippery so that it can slide out of the colon and be expelled completely at least once a day.

"Furred Colon"

But as you get older the colon begins to lose "tone" and fails to retain sufficient fluid to keep its contents moist and soft. Parts of the collecting waste matter become dry and form crusts on the colon walls so that the colon becomes "furred up" like a water-pipe or kettle.

This stagnant waste matter decays and spreads poisons to every part of the system, like the poisons from a decayed tooth. You have small, disappointing results. You get aches and twinges in your back and limbs. You puff on stairs. You sleep badly. You lose your appetite and get indigestion. You feel constantly tired, "flat," fit for nothing.

Dangerous Remedies

When this happens, a great many people try to purgatives. But nowadays doctors condemn the "purgative" because most purgatives are chemical laxatives irritate the lining of the stomach and bowels and often lead to chronic constipation worse than before.

But the group of doctors at this famous London clinic, after making as many as 1,436 experiments on 149 men and women volunteer patients, have proved that the scientific remedy. They have found that 12 grammes of Kruschen salts (just enough to cover a sixpence) taken first thing every morning in tea or water, retains just the right amount of moistening fluid in the colon to prevent the formation of poison-breeding crusts (furred colon).

"After the second dose I felt much better—now wake refreshed"

"I am a business woman in my forty-third year," writes Miss A. T., of London, N.20. "A short time ago I was beginning to feel heavy in my limbs and body and awoke in the morning with pains everywhere. My eyes ached and felt dull. My mouth continually coated and I had discomfort after food. Then a month ago I began taking the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen every morning. After the second dose I felt much better, and now I awake in the morning feeling refreshed. I must say with all truth I regret not having taken Kruschen before."

THE COLON

This is what causes constipation—the colon "furs up" like a kettle. The waste matter must be emptied daily to keep you clear of constipation.

Agents From England

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The Secret Battle by S. T. Felstead

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Are your teeth "white lies"?



more than just brilliant whiteness Solidox prevents Tartar!

When teeth are white in front, but TARTAR-encrusted behind, they are "White Lies." That is why you should make sure that your teeth tell the truth by giving them regular twice-daily cleaning with Solidox!

This amazing new toothpaste does more than make teeth brilliantly white. It prevents tartar, and removes it if already present—and it does its work so gently that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of the teeth.

SOLIDOX TOOTH PASTE

★ Only Solidox contains Ricinopolisphate (covered by British Patent No. 259942) which prevents and removes tartar, common cause of dental troubles.

6d BIG TUBE

Solidox is the only toothpaste that can make this amazing claim, because only Solidox contains the unique ingredient covered by British Patent No. 259942, proved to prevent and remove tartar, common cause of dental troubles.

Start to-day to give your teeth gentle Solidox protection. Use Solidox twice a day—see your dentist regularly. Then you can be sure that your white teeth are not "White Lies" but are really healthy!

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6d BIG TUBE

The Shape of Things to Come



When you eat between meals
make it a Chocolate Crisp—

for your figure's sake!



IT'S those crispy thin wafers in Chocolate Crisp that save you from adding to the old figure's curves. Any doctor will confirm that this particular kind of chocolate block produces a slower rise of blood-sugar and that means you don't get hungry again so quickly. Result: you're not tempted to go on nibbling between meals and when meal-time comes you don't eat too much. So, for your figure's sake, enjoy Chocolate Crisp—it's a perfect "Meal Between Meals."

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PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its "Life" and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION... By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy for NERVES and INDIGESTION.
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CLEVER GIRL

EXCITING CHANGES in Lux Toilet Soap—

New delicate fragrance! Longer-lasting tablet! TRY IT! YOU'LL LOVE IT!



MELINA RORKE, a mother and widow at the age of 15, took her baby into the South African jungle and, in madcap fashion, ran countless risks and experienced thrill after

JUNGLE

MADCAP!

WHAT a woman! Rather—what a girl! For when she was still in her teens red-haired Melina Rorke, one of the pluckiest women of our generation, had crowded into her young life sufficient romance and adventure to satisfy any man or woman.

To escape the irksome atmosphere of a convent school she clandestinely married when fourteen years of age. Yet this madcap frolic was only the first step in a life of useful pioneering adventure which led her to Buckingham Palace—of all places remote from South Africa, her birthplace—there to be decorated by her King for gallant service to England.

The last man to expect this happy outcome of her first exploit was her father, a former British Consul, then a diamond merchant at Kimberley, who was shocked to receive his daughter's wire announcing that she had married Frederick Rorke, English rugger football hero.

ROARING DAYS

These were the careless, roaring days of the early diamond prospectors, when everybody in Kimberley had more money than was good for them, money for gambling, liquor and for women. Those, too, were the great days when Cecil Rhodes, the blond Empire-builder, prematurely grey, was cornering the diamond market and scheming to make all Africa, and America too, parts of the British Empire.

This genius and his shadow, Dr. Jameson (the "Raid"), and Barney Barnato (clever East End Jew just roped into the combine) were frequent guests at Melina's home, where the forgiven child-widow would now sit, demurely quiet, to avoid being sent to bed by her father, so that she could listen to the fascinating talk of these famous personalities.

A thirst for pioneering in open spaces was strong in Melina. She could no more endure the restricted life of her father's house than the atmosphere of the convent.

So, when big brother Bassy came home from the university and unexpectedly invited her to join him in a gold-prospecting trek into the wilds of Matabeleland, still unconquered, she was on her feet to be off. And ready to take her baby son, Edgar, for whom, with a mother's thoroughness, she equipped the outfit with everything that might shield him from forest perils and burning desert.

Perils there were in plenty, as she tells graphically and brilliantly in her new book, "Melina Rorke" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), just published. Bingo, a Kaffir boy with funny bandy legs, round rolling eyes and peppercorn tufts of hair, undertook the duties of nursemaid to baby Edgar, and was soon in difficulties.

At one of their first camps on the open veldt the baby began tugging at a small bush when their dog, a pet spaniel, became excited and made a point like a trained setter. The mother smiled unconcernedly, but the quick-witted Bingo seized a stick and leaped towards baby and dog.

There was a flurry and a scuffle and then the mother raced to the scene just as Bingo battered to pulp a 6-ft. mamba, the deadliest of all snakes. The faithful spaniel, bitten in saving the child, died within 15 minutes.

SNAKE—PERIL

Once Melina slept on a ground-sheet under a tree and awoke with an uncomfortable feeling in her back. She instantly thought that she must have been lying on one of her boots, but a search revealed that she had been sleeping on a coiled python 15 ft. long. As soon as the dangerous sleeping partner had been killed she put a safe distance between herself and the python's returning mate.

arrival, she saw many of the great scaly monsters stretched darkly on the banks. Towards evening friendly negroes visited Melina's camp and invited her to a crocodile hunt. As she saw the black hunters steal into their hiding-places she was puzzled to observe a number of little black picanninies playing about the feet of their elders.

Strange that these little children should be invited to observe a dangerous hunt! Melina soon discovered the reason for their presence, for the children were dumped into the mud of the river bank as live bait for the crocodiles. At sight of the ugly black monsters crawling out of the water Melina snatched up her rifle and would have fired but was warned to desist.

Closer and closer came the reptiles to the helpless picanninies, and the anguish of the girl-watcher increased. Then, writes Melina, "just as the huge gaping jaws opened before their final rush across the fifteen feet of mud, which separated them from their prey, dozens of barbed hunting spears flashed through the air with marvellous accuracy into the carnivorous mouths, slitted, heavy-lidded eyes, and into that one vulnerable spot on the hard, scaly back where the head joins the body."

"Mingled with the exultant shouts of the spearmen had been the report of the rifles, fired with much noise, rapidity and black smoke. When I rushed down to see the babies I found that not one of them had been harmed—they were still lying or crawling contentedly in the mud, while their fathers, without as much as a glance in their direction, were already skinning the loathsome reptiles and gloating over the success of their kill."

After this Melina and her child went deeper into the green gloom of the African forest. Save for the snakes, the flash of brightly-coloured birds and indignant monkeys they often saw no life, though they were all the time conscious of being observed by lurking animals.

At night these hungry beasts made the forest eerie with their terrifying cries. Far from being afraid of lions, Melina quarrelled with her brother for

resisting her request to take part in a lion-hunt. It was no sport for a woman, said the man.

But the lions took her side by resenting the invasion of their domain. One night Melina fired at a point midway between two yellow-green eyes on the other side of her camp-fire, only to be humiliated by the discovery that she had shot a hyena.

Soon afterwards she was awakened by a ghastly scream, and next morning it was found that the negro boy who slept by the door of her tent was missing, probably carried off by a lion in the night.

JUNGLE—REVENGE

Melina sought revenge. She grabbed her rifle and hurried alone from the camp, and though her brother, overtaking her, swore loudly at her, she refused to go back. So what was he going to do about it? The girl won.

Presently, after a long search, the dogs began barking, and Melina's brother fired the scrub, leaving her to guard a small gully.

As the smoke poured from the scrub Melina's pulse quickened at the sight of a tawny shape slinking along the far side of the hill close to her brother, who had not seen it. She signalled to him and her brother fired. The animal gave a savage roar and trotted back into the burning scrub, while Melina doubled herself with glee at her brother's rage.

Smoke swirled round her and she heard two more shots. As the wind blew a smoke away she saw her brother standing triumphantly beside a dead lion.

But the morning adventure was not over. As she was scrambling down the gully Melina saw her Kaffir boy dodging another lion, which was then springing through the air. She fired, her old Martini roaring in her ears as its kick sent her sliding head over heels down into the gully.

As she scrambled to the top again she saw the lion dead at the native's feet, slain by the bullet fired by her own gun. Near the spot they discovered the mangled remains of the boy who had been stolen from Melina's tent-door.

After six months' journeying they were in the Matabele country. The baby was well and growing sturdily. Melina was still in her teens, and the new mile

of gold-mining which was to rival that of the fabulous Rand at Johannesburg was still undiscovered.

The Matabele were not so friendly as the natives of the villages through which they had been passing. A rider from Fort Victoria warned them to seek the protection of the fort. For Lobengula, last mighty king of a savage African nation, tired of resisting the growing demands of Rhodes, was threatening war and gathering together his powerful warriors from all parts of the country.

So Melina found herself actively participating in the Matabele War, which ended in the defeat of Lobengula and his 20,000 riflemen and his 80,000 spearmen. The defeated chieftain, driven from Bulawayo (the place of slaughter), took refuge in the hinterland and died of smallpox.

Melina determined to be the first white woman to enter the new Bulawayo which was springing up as the white capital of the conquered country, now to be known as Rhodesia. On arrival there she saw a few scattered beehive huts disfiguring the slope of a barren and windswept hill. But she was disappointed to learn from Dr. Jameson that she was but one of two women pioneers first to enter the new Bulawayo. She took consolation in reflecting that baby Edgar was the first white child to visit the conquered capital.

Melina and her brother then took part in the general rush of prospectors, but though some gold was found it was not the rich strike of the Transvaal. Yet, in time, she won through even in gold-mining, for she came to own a mine which was named after her.

Meanwhile there was excitement in plenty. Dr. Jameson entrusted her with the care of a statuesque young native woman who, in the woman-hungry town of white adventurers, was in considerable danger. At first Topsy was grateful for her new mistress, who spoiled her by giving her some of her own dresses.

This made Topsy conceited and greedy. When she demanded more and met with a refusal, she became sullen and resentful, and Bingo, the Kaffir boy, warned Melina that Topsy meant mischief.

Melina disregarded the warning, but one night was awakened by stealthy movement in the darkness of her room. Springing out of bed, she grappled with a dusky figure, knife upraised above baby Edgar. At the same time she screamed for help, and Bingo, rushing in, felled Topsy with his knobkerry. But the dusky beauty soon came round and disappeared.

Soon afterwards there was real tragedy. A young army officer, after much pestering of Melina, threatened to destroy himself unless she married him. Thinking he was bluffing, she told him to do it. He did—the same night!

As for Alfred, he would defend the farmhouse alone. The women dissented but were reminded of the terrible tortures which they and the child would suffer if they were caught.

They slipped out and began crossing the fields. They saw the ostrich-feathered plumes of passing Matabele and crouched low in the grass. On again, making from cover to cover, kopje to kopje, until, with the dawn, they came to the ruins of what, the night before, was the house of a doctor friend.

All was still. The roosters were silent, no dogs barked. The barns had been burned and all the livestock stolen. The warning that Melina and the others had received in the house of how the Matabele treated their enemies was proved true by what they now saw. The doctor's body was hanging from a tree. His wife's nude body was near by covered with spear-thrusts.

They spent another day under cover expecting at any moment a similar horrible fate at the hands of the Matabele warriors, but had difficulty in keeping the hungry little Edgar quiet. Once the travel-weary lad, seeing the black warriors passing, innocently called to them to come and carry him. But Melina smothered his voice. One of the fierce soldiers turned but did not see them, and continued on his way.

They crept through long grass to the edge of another wood hoping for safety, only to spy the black rebels systematically beating it for white refugees. Elsewhere the farmsteads were being set ablaze by assegais to which tufts of burning grass were tied and then thrown on to the thatched roofs.

As the party lay hidden in the long grass Melina whispered her fears to Florence about Alfred. Florence replied simply that she knew he was safe.

As reward Baden-Powell presented her with the Red Cross flag which had flown from the hospital all through the siege of Mafeking, and this, in turn, Melina presented to Queen Alexandra.

And so Melina journeyed once more to London, where she received from King Edward the Seventh the Order of the Royal Red Cross, and from Leopold the well-earned appellation of "Florence Nightingale of South Africa."

Back again to Bulawayo and still a young woman, but engaged to be married on the day after her arrival in the town of her adoption.

There were there to greet her and there was a state official procession. Everybody of note was there—everybody but the man whom she had set marry next day. He had died that morning.

Melina thought it was impossible for a lone man to escape from that house surrounded by desperate armed men. But Florence was convinced.

Melina writes: "She smiled in a queer, remote way and her plain face was illumined with a mystical expression. Alfred was all right. She had been worried at first, but suddenly she had had a conviction that he was safe... Florence always knew what was happening to the people she loved. And Florence was right."

After firing at the blacks in rapid succession from all parts of the house, Alfred had thought to charge through them by the back door. But at the moment he left the house the Matabele were in conference at the front, and he escaped by just walking out.

More excitement came with the Boer War, which brought her official honours, an invitation to take charge of a hospital for British wounded, and the honorary rank of major, and the opportunity to accompany the relieving troops to Mafeking, where Baden-Powell entrusted her with the charge of transports of wounded men to England—only woman who had ever been given such a mission.

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What a book! What a life! What a woman!

NEXT SUNDAY: "WOMAN OF STEEL"

The Foundation Of Happiness! FEET KEPT HEALTHY WITH Zam-Buk

Brand. YOU can't be happy unless your feet are happy too. Tired, aching feet make a burden of the day's work and take all the pleasure out of your shopping and recreation. But you can be sure of happy, healthy feet if you follow the Zam-Buk treatment. It's easy, yet so effective.

First bathe the feet in warm water at bedtime (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; soreness and blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Let Zam-Buk give you happy, healthy feet and enable you to enjoy every moment of the day. 1/3 or 3/- a tin. All chemists & stores.



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Since the beginning of the century, Zam-Buk, the great herbo-antiseptic, has proved more reliable than the treatment of Pimples, Eczema, Poisoned Wounds, Leg Burns, etc. It is the only skin medicine that never lets you down. It is the only skin medicine that is safe for the most sensitive skin, and it is the only skin medicine that is so easy to use.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

Knock-Out Machine

GEORGES CARPENTIER

PETER KANE, the fighting blacksmith, who is telling the story of his meteoric career, today reveals how he began to earn big money. He was punching his way to fortune, as well as fame, and winning for himself a reputation as a knockout machine. But the boy with the magic fists remained unspoiled by success. "No swollen head for me," said Peter.

I AM not sure how one says "I'll maul him!" in French, but long before Two-Ton Tony Galento's now-famous boast hit the sporting headlines the same threat was made to me in Paris. The would-be assassin was Joseph "Poppy" Decio, the European bantam-weight champion with whom I was matched at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports just before my nineteenth birthday.

I think that Georges Carpentier and I were the only two who were not afraid that he might fulfil that promise. Mother was so anxious that she spent the week's housekeeping money telephoning from Golborne to Paris after fight to find out whether I was safe. Even Ted Denvir, whose optimism usually was as unshakable as my own, was worried and began to wonder whether he had over-matched me when he saw the French papers.

ASKING FOR TROUBLE

Without exception, they tipped Decio to win by a knock-out, and openly stated that I was asking for trouble in giving weight to such a dangerous opponent. You could not blame them. Certainly the facts supported this opinion. The Frenchman had every advantage. He was heavier, five or six years older, infinitely the more experienced, a man in his prime who could punch, so they said, like a kicking mule.

Valentin Angelmann and Pierre Louis were numbered among his long string of victims, and when questioned by the Parisian sports writers concerning his chances against me he had replied: "La Galento."

"Tell this English boy I will kill him," he said.

No they told me; and I laughed. Carpentier, debonair, immaculate and charming, laughed, too, and this put

PUNCH FOR PUNCH

I would show the terrible Decio that his threats had not scared me. I would meet him up his own alley, swapping punch for punch.

He came out with his weaving gloves cutting little patterns in the air, that confident smile still on his lips, and his left flicked out I slipped under it and began punching.

Bang! My right crashed home under his heart and I could feel him crumple

up like an old sack. His face was a white mask of pain as he lurched sideways. The smiled had vanished.

I went after him. My left thudded against his ribs, my right clipped his chin, and he was down!

I danced up and down on my toes, watching him as intently as a cat watching a mouse, while the roar of the astonished crowd filled the stadium in a rising crescendo.

I hit him only once as he got up on the count of five. It was another right hook, and he slumped forward on his hands and knees shaking his head dazedly from side to side.

Then he pulled himself erect and pawed feebly in my direction. I swept his gloves aside and smacked him another crisp right-hander.

He did another nose dive almost in my corner this time, and when he got to his feet he was not a pretty sight. A little trickle of blood was running from the corner of his mouth, his knees sagged under him and his eyes were blank.

It was obvious that he was out on his feet. I jabbed him upright with a straight left, hit him with a looping right and stepped back as he stumbled into the ropes. The referee had jumped between us to save Decio from further punishment.

I ran laughing to greet Ted Denvir as he climbed through the ropes. I was bubbling over with excitement. I had anticipated such a fierce and bitter struggle and it was all over in 72 seconds! I had beaten the Assassin, the man against whom they had said I had no chance, with half a dozen punches!

Carpentier, who had watched the fight from the ringside, was delighted. "Marvelous, Peter," he said. "Take it from me, you will be a champion one day. You will be even greater than my dear friend Jimmy Wilde was in his prime!"

About an hour after I had arrived back at my hotel I was told that there was a telephone call for me. At first I said there must be some mistake. I did not know anyone in Paris who could be ringing me.

They said there was no mistake. The call was from Angleterre. For Monsieur Peter Kane.

IDOL OF PARIS

As soon as I picked up the receiver I recognised the voice. I said: "Hallo, Mother!"

There was a gasp of astonishment. I really don't think she had expected me to be well enough to talk!

"Are you all right, Peter?" she said. "I simply had to find out how you were. I was so worried that you might be badly hurt."

I told her how easily I had won and that I was feeling fine.

"I'm so glad, Peter," she said. "Look after yourself, and mind you don't eat any of those horrible snails or frogs' legs over there."

I woke up next morning to find myself the idol of Paris. The newspapers were raving over the spectacular fashion in which I had defeated Decio. They had invented a host of colourful nicknames for me. I was "The Dynamiter," "The Crusher," "The Fighting Machine" and "The Annihilator" among many others!

I might have stayed and painted Paris red, for I was overwhelmed with invitations to all sorts of parties, and scores of celebrities were anxious to meet me.

But I wasn't interested in parties or the bright lights. Paris didn't mean a thing to me. All I wanted to do was get back to Golborne and mother and my girl friend.

Actually this was not my first trip to France. I had fought in Paris twice before against Valentin Angelmann, who ranks with Ernest Weiss as one of the few men I could not knock out, and Pierre Louis.

Angelmann, not so clever as Weiss, but tougher and more aggressive, gave me two of the hardest fights of my career. On each occasion, first in Liver-

By PETER KANE (Ex-Flyweight Champion of the World)

pool and then in Paris, the best I could do was out-point him over twelve rounds. Again and again I cracked him clean on the chin with punches that would have floored most men, but could not conquer the streak of steel that ran through his incredibly wiry frame.

His knees would buckle drunkenly under him, and I would dash in thinking I had him going, only to find him still full of fight, and in the last round of each contest he staged a desperate

WHISTLES OF CHEER

I was accustomed to English cheers, and in contrast the Parisian idea of applause was rather unsettling. When I first heard them I thought I was getting the bird!

They give vent to their feelings with shrill whistles which, to inexperienced ears, sounded the reverse of friendly.

"What's wrong, Ted?" I whispered apprehensively as I settled back in my corner after the first round with this extraordinary din ringing in my ears. "Why don't they like me?"

Ted Denvir laughed. "There's nothing to worry about, Peter," he said. "You're doing fine."

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

IT PAYS TO BE PREPARED

By the People's Friend

Thousands of people like that folk who are never prepared for anything. Their lives are muddled or missed chances and lost opportunities. They are forever just "missing the boat." And when they do awake to their folly it is too late.

Surely no other two words in our language conceal so many tragedies as these. "Too late." Lives have been ruined, careers have been wrecked simply because someone has been unprepared, because they have had to confess that they were "too late."

The wise man is always prepared, not only to face danger, but for any sort of eventuality. Opportunity never finds him napping. If disaster overtakes him he is ready—ready to fight back courageously instead of whining about his misfortune.

Follow his example. Be prepared for everything life may hold for you—the good and the bad, the sunshine and the shower.

EQUIP YOURSELF WITH FAITH, HAVE UNQUESTIONING BELIEF IN GOD'S ABIDING LOVE, AND YOU SHOULD FIND THIS AN EASY TASK.

That's just their way of letting you know."

Encouraged by this I forced the pace and in the third round I dropped the Frenchman with a hard right hook. I thought he was down for keeps, but he was up swiftly, shaking his head like a dog coming out of the water, and swinging away as fiercely as ever.

He had a habit of holding his gloves over his face and walking in taking all I could give him until he was close enough to batter away at my ribs. After he had played this trick successfully several times I made up my mind to steal his idea.

I crossed my gloves and went after him. A split second later my world was full of shooting stars! I staggered back, momentarily dazed by the smashing lefts and rights I had taken, and as I dropped into a clinch I realised that I still had a lot to learn.

The wily Angelmann had taken my punches on his forehead. I, by not keeping my gloves high enough, had collected his full in the face.

"Swanker!" said Ted Denvir when I went back to my corner after a hectic round. "You're not a champion yet, and if you play flash tricks like that too often you never will be."

But I had had my lesson, and during the remaining rounds I steadily increased my lead. Towards the end Angelmann, bleeding from a cut under his left eye and sadly battered, miraculously shed his weariness and cut loose in a valiant effort to put me out.

How he managed to summon the energy to launch such a ferocious attack as he did in the last two rounds is beyond me. I, who had taken far less punishment, was tiring rapidly, but he seemed to possess unlimited reserves of stamina.

Only when the final gong sounded did he cease punching and let his arms and shoulders droop in an attitude of sheer exhaustion.

I was rapidly climbing into the money by this time, and although there were only two months between my fights with Angelmann, my purse for the second was more than trebled.

I received £125 for meeting him in Liverpool and £400 in Paris.

We flew to Paris for my next fight with Pierre Louis some six weeks later. The idea was to avoid a rough Channel crossing, but we ran into bad weather and the air proved bumpier than the sea. The plane was nearly an hour late, and I staggered out of it with a pale pea green complexion.

I felt terrible.

I was not in much better shape the following day, and I stepped into the ring with my stomach still doing occasional acrobatics as a result of that awful flight.

For the first four rounds I simply could not get going. I felt as though I was wearing leaden boots, and my punches lacked snap.

Then in the fifth I began to warm up. I concentrated on the Frenchman's body, and walked in, smashing away with both hands. In less than a minute the tide had turned. Now it was I who was on the crest of the wave, while Louis floundered helplessly.

The end of the sixth round found him doing a bicycle act round the ring on rubbery legs that barely kept him erect, and in the following session the referee stopped the fight to save him.

I was glad. It isn't a particularly pleasant job to keep on hammering a beaten man who is too game to quit.

I collected another £400 for this second Paris fight, but I was back at work as soon as I reached Golborne.

My bank balance was increasing fast, but I refused to let that go to my head.

NEXT SUNDAY:
"THE GAMEST OF THEM ALL"

"Even on holidays—dry hair lustrous and manageable!"

Lovely blonde model says radiant holiday hair due to SPECIAL DRENE SHAMPOO!



Miss Monica Bishop

attractive photographic model says:
"This summer, on holiday, I got an urgent call to the studio. I was horrified. My hair was dull and parched. I knew it would never take a set. Luckily my hairdresser used Special Drene. I thought a miracle had happened. Special Drene left my hair absolutely dazzling with highlights and shining like silk. Best of all, my hair took an elaborate set beautifully—and held it, too! Now I use Special Drene all the time and it keeps my hair simply lovely."

DRENE SHAMPOO KEEPS SUMMER HAIR SPARKLING... EASY TO MANAGE

Now you can keep your hair lustrous, sparkling and easy to manage right through the summer—if you shampoo it with Drene. Choose from these two kinds of Drene shampoo—Regular Drene for naturally oily hair—the new thrilling Special Drene for dry hair. Just think of it—even the driest, most finely-spun hair is easy to groom into becoming, fashionable curls and waves after a single Special Drene Shampoo. And here's more good news! Special Drene makes dry, dull hair bright, glossy and fascinating again, because Drene cannot deposit the lime and soap film left by ordinary washing. So it isn't surprising that thousands of hairdressers use and recommend Drene Shampoo.

There are now two kinds of Drene

I HAVE DRY HAIR. I USE NEW SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR

MY HAIR IS NATURALLY OILY. I USE REGULAR DRENE

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LAUGH THAT ONE OFF!

HE: My dear girl, you're not going!

SHE: My dear wasted evening, I certainly am.

HE: Why so cagey? Anyone'd think you were annoyed with me.

SHE: Not annoyed—just a little tired of playing gooseberry all evening.

HE: Well, don't let it sour you. Try a cherry for a change.

SHE: I'm afraid I don't follow.

HE: (dreamily) A plump ripe juicy cherry, cradled in thick fondant cream just tinged with Cherry Brandy.

SHE: What on earth—

HE: Milk chocolate and butter and

sugar all whipped up together with a dash of rum—

SHE: Ooh—

HE: Billows of whipped fondant cream flavoured with coffee and dipped in a new suit of velvety chocolate. Toasted almonds—

SHE: Stop! This is awful. Please, what are they?

HE: Carefree, my angel. Super new chocolates—made by Rowntree's. I've got a box in the car—but if you're just going—

SHE: Well—maybe I needn't.

For the best assortments in the best condition, buy boxed chocolates

CAREFREE

1/- 1 lb.
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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

HELICOPTER Genius Plans to Arm Britain with Wonder Machine of the Air to—

BEST OF FRIENDS

George, the chimp, finds some welcome shade with a young visitor at London Zoo.



Beat Off Bombers

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

GENIUS WHICH ONCE HELPED TO MAKE GERMANY STRONG IS NOW FURTHERING THE MIGHT OF BRITAIN—THE GENIUS OF HERR OSCAR VON ASBOTH, ACE DESIGNER OF HIGH-SPEED HELICOPTERS.

Herr Asboth has proved his theories to the authorities, and a well-known British firm will produce soon a 2,000 h.p. heavily armoured machine that will be able to hover in the air and, with batteries of quick-firing guns, pour death into any invading bombers.

The Asboth flying fortress will rise swiftly to intercept raiders, and will be so steady that its gunners will have a far greater chance of aiming accurately than interceptor planes.

AS TROOP CARRIERS

The helicopter will be of great importance in the defence of highly populated areas, where there is little or no room for a fighting plane to take off and land.

It will descend and rise vertically, and, even with engines crippled, it will land gently as a thistle-down.

It is likely that smaller editions of Herr Asboth's invention will be used as interceptors, and larger ones, well armed and with accommodation for 50 infantrymen, as troop carriers.

Capable of darting swiftly through the sky at well over 200 miles an hour, the helicopter may be used as a bomber, its ability to hover, insect-like, and then to fly swiftly away, making accurate aiming easier than ever before.

Once director of Austria's aeronautical research department, then employed by Germany, Herr Asboth believes that his helicopter will, in time, be capable of reaching speeds of more than 400 miles an hour.

Yet, despite his faith in his invention, the debonair Hungarian has declined for 23 years to fly in them.

"I do all my work at night with dance band music for a background," he told me yesterday. "I find difficulty in concentrating after one o'clock in the morning because almost all broadcasting has closed down by then."

Herr von Asboth refuses to enter any aircraft factory, no matter in what country he is working.

Six Murders On Same Date STOCKING STRANGLER'S NEW VICTIM

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

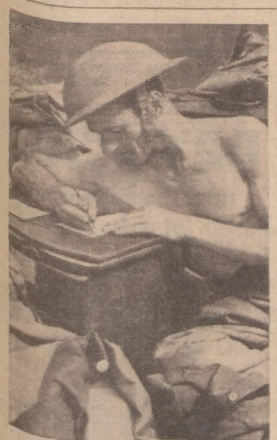
Strasbourg, Saturday.

FOR THE SIXTH TIME IN SIX YEARS A GIRL HAS BEEN FOUND STRANGLED ON HER BED IN THIS PICTURESQUE FRONTIER TOWN.

The crime has been committed in the same manner in each case with a silk stocking of an unusual pattern. In no case has a stocking of the victim been used, and the assassin appears to have brought a stocking with him for the purpose.

On each occasion the house was full of people during the hour of the crime, and there were comings and goings all through the night, but no one has ever caught a glimpse of a suspect entering or leaving.

The crimes have been committed on about the same date in each year. There has never been the least sign of a struggle, though most of the victims have been strong girls who, in the



IN TOUCH WITH HOME
A North Midland Terrier in camp at Mammoth enjoys the sunshine with the maximum of comfort while writing home.

ordinary way, might have been expected to put up a struggle for their lives. All the crimes have been committed in the same area.

Since the first crime there have been special police patrols by night, but they have never seen suspicious characters near the houses where the crimes were discovered.

The nearest approach to a clue left behind once was a copy of a German Journal.

SOUTHEAST'S LOSS

Alderman Herbert Arthur Dowsett, Mayor of Southend-on-Sea, died in an operation. He was sixty-two.

Mr. Dowsett first became Mayor in 1925-26, and was again elected in 1937, being re-elected for a second term last November.

GLAMOUR BABY



Jackie Watson, "Glamour Baby" of Alfred Esdaile's new autumn revue, "Folies de Minuit" and "Revue d'Elegance," at the London Casino, for which Gordon Courtney has specially written the lyrics and music.

DOPE GANG BATTLE

A Bedouin alleged to have been a drug trafficker was killed and another wounded in a shooting affray with coastguards near the Suez Canal. Thirteen pounds of drugs were seized. A third man escaped.—Reuter.

PART OF LONDON TUBE CLOSED TODAY

"TO PERMIT CERTAIN WORK TO BE COMPLETED," THE TRAIN SERVICE ON THE BAKER-LOO LINE BETWEEN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND ELEPHANT AND CASTLE WILL BE SUSPENDED TODAY.

In making this announcement yesterday, the London Passenger Transport Board added that a special bus service will be run instead, calling at Lambeth North, Waterloo (York-rd. entrance), Westminster and Trafalgar-square, at which stations tickets will be issued.

All tickets available over the section of the railway temporarily closed will be available by any alternative route on London Transport railways, 'buses or trams.

Railway tickets will not be issued on the special 'bus service.

HAILE SELASSIE

TO GO TO CAMP

Ex-Emperor Haile Selassie is to spend a fortnight in camp at Penllergar, Swansea, with the staff and 60 boys of the Bible College of Wales. Two of his nephews are at the college.

The pupils are the children of missionaries and refugees from Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Germany and other countries who are training as missionaries.

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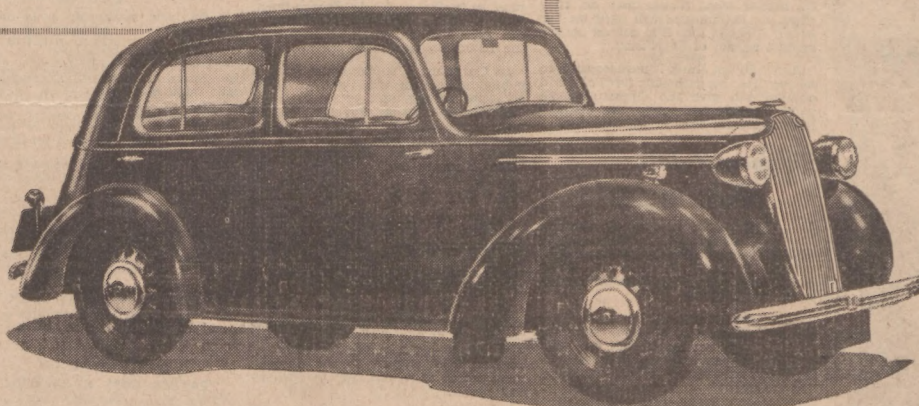
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Better Motoring for 1940... yet PRICES DOWN

10 h.p.	The Roomiest "Ten" you can buy. Wider—longer—more room for passengers and luggage: smarter: 60 m.p.h. 40 m.p.g. with normal driving.	£159 (Down £4)
12 h.p.	Best "Twelve"—Lowest Price. Incomparable value: smarter frontal appearance: more room for passengers and luggage: 65 m.p.h., 35 m.p.g. with normal driving. De Luxe Saloon.	£185 (Down £13)
14 h.p.	Most Famous "Fourteen" in the World. Double acting shock absorbers make it more comfortable still. Much more luxurious interior. 70 m.p.h., 30 m.p.g. with normal driving.	£220 (Down £10)
25 h.p.	Built to meet World Competition. An exceptionally roomy and impressive family car. Extremely luxurious finish and appointments. 80 m.p.h., 20 m.p.g. with normal driving.	£330 (Down £15)

Every VAUXHALL COMBINES ALL THESE SEVEN PRACTICAL FEATURES

- 1 ECONOMY.** Low purchase price, low running costs, 20% more m.p.g. Low maintenance costs.
- 2 OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.** High average speed, exceptional acceleration, smooth O.H.V. power output.
- 3 THE SMOOTHEST RIDE ON WHEELS.** Vauxhall Independent Suspension smooths all roads, improves stability and road-holding.
- 4 REAL DRIVING EASE.** Light positive steering, good vision, handy effortless controls. Vauxhall Controlled Synchron-mesh gear change.
- 5 CONSTANT SAFETY.** Powerful Hydraulic brakes that act at slight pressure. Great strength and rigidity with integral body construction on latest models.
- 6 ROOMY COMFORT.** Generous seating room and luggage space. Complete provision for motoring convenience and relaxation.
- 7 QUIETNESS.** Engine, gears and all moving parts are really silent; sound further dampened by body insulation at all points where noise might intrude.



Here is the 1940 Vauxhall "10" 4-Door De Luxe Saloon.

£169
(Down £6)

Only VAUXHALL can give you such VALUE

You May Not Agree That— It's Pantomime Stuff!

By "THE PHILOSOPHER"

VICTORIAN SOLDIERING WAS MUCH A MATTER OF PAGEANTRY AND CASTE, AND THE CASTE HAD A FINE TIME PLAYING WITH THE PAGEANTRY.

Red coats and drums drew in men, who marched up to the top of the hill and then marched down again.

Seven years it took, they said, to make a soldier. If so, it was because golden-braided high-ups played around with showmanship and let military tactics take second place.

Troops, therefore, had a tough time when wars came along. They won them, not through their training, but in spite of it.

Leaders surely loved their landscape to be like the picture books. Crimson tunics, spit and polish, it was, up to the cannon's mouth. This was fine with telescope to your eye, but not so pleasant for coloured targets in the front ranks.

YOU IMAGINE I HAVEN'T MUCH ADMIRATION FOR THE OLD SCHOOL. IF YOU GUESS THAT WAY, YOU RING THE BELL.

To Boer War times they followed cherished customs. Even if they did get the benefit of khaki camouflage, the rest of the campaign was a "wow."

Or so my veteran friends who had to follow the obsolete textbooks tell me.

Seven years were needed to mould the complete soldier. They would be saying it yet, had the Great War not debunked a bagful of notions.

Lately, salvation has arrived from infiltration of civilian progress and displacement of monopolists typified by Colonel Bygones of our club.

One symptom of sense is the new battle-dress. I like the outfit, which is more reasonable than a pious-yielding puttees and buttoned-up strait-jackets.

NEVERTHELESS, ALONG-SIDE SUITABLE SUITS, GOOD GRUB, AND MECHANISATION, WE STILL

DESCRY BOWS AND ARROWS OF THE DIE-HARDS.

What surprises me is that, amid the advance, those everlasting salutes should continue.

A militiaman accompanying his girl friend is expected to dust his cap-peak smartly to each unknown officer chancing that way.

To obtain perfection, young warriors are hurried across barrack-squares, doing upward palm-flashes and eyes-right until they are dizzy.

Obviously, the Army, improved as it is, needs a little more rationalising.

I am asking for no sergeant's good-night kiss, but merely hinting that annoying extras should go.

Let authorities cut out salutes at off-duty times. Let our modern Army call finish to the mummery of a man standing like a ramrod to each casual remark of a superior.

THE SCENE IS OUTSIDE THE UNION JACK CLUB, OPPOSITE WATERLOO STATION, AND THE YEAR 1918.

An American Army captain is reading a newspaper on the kerb. Up to him strides a doughboy, American equal of our Tommy Atkins.

They are evidently strangers. "Say, buddy, could you tell me the time?" asked the soldier, simply but politely.

"Sure," answers the U.S.A. captain, taking out his watch, as if informing his doughboys on the time is the most natural duty for him, "Half-past three."

"Thanks." And captain and soldier part as man to man. I know. I was standing two yards away.

Shades of our own British Army's pantomime discipline!

When FEET SIZZLE with Pain



How swollen, aching feet can make you suffer! They burn—they sizzle—they make you feel you're walking on flames! Every step becomes a torture! Your trouble is stale Foot Acid in the skin pores. Your feet have 3,000 pores to every square inch—more than any other part of the body. When feet get tired, stale Foot Acid clogs these pores, then piles up in the muscles. O-o-o! You feel swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or feel suffering. The modern treatment is a foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox. Radox liberates 5 times as much oxygen as other bath salts. This life-giving oxygen supercharges the water, cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Swelling goes down. Burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Give your feet a Radox bath tonight! Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per 10 oz. pink packet; 3/6 double quantity. Also in cubes—3 for 7d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

LIFE IS SWEET WHEN YOU FEEL WELL

IRON-OX Gives Quick Relief From Lack of Appetite Lack of Energy Bad Blood Pimples Rashess Dizziness Sleeplessness Constipation Shortness of Breath Run-down Condition Sour Stomach Headache Loss of Weight Nerves

IF you are a victim of weakness, nervousness, lack of strength, bilious attacks, if you have frequent headaches, suffer from constipation and often have to take laxatives, if you jump in your sleep, have indigestion and sour, gassy stomach, if you feel tired and groggy in the mornings and your work is a constant grind—then take Iron-Ox and see how quickly you get relief. Iron-Ox Brand Tablets, 1/3, 3/4, 5/6 at chemists everywhere, including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

LOWER MOTORING COSTS

FAMOUS MANUFACTURERS REDUCE PRICES

BY OUR MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I don't know whether Vauxhall Motors have formally "adopted" the slogan "Better Motoring" for Less Money, but they have used it quite a lot, and it certainly seems to run up their policy pretty neatly.

During the last few years they must have spent several million pounds upon extending the Vauxhall factory, and installing the latest machinery and equipment. They have strengthened their "brain power" by recruiting engineers of international reputation, and given them a £215,000 research building in which to work.

The results of this long-term policy are apparent in the latest announcements that, for 1940, the Vauxhall range has been improved in appearance and quality—while at the same time all prices have been considerably reduced.

The outstanding changes—and those which will appeal to the greatest number of motorists—are those in connection with the Vauxhall Ten, this has been much longer and wider to reach good times that it is now claimed to be "the roomiest Ten" you can buy. It has a bigger bonnet, bigger front wings, and many other "outward" improvements which add to its attractiveness. There is more luggage space. Performance remains the same, so does the petrol consumption—that famous "40 m.p.g." which once seemed incredible, but is now taken for granted. The price has been reduced to £159 for the standard saloon, £169 for the de luxe model.

The Twelve—one of the most successful cars Vauxhall have ever produced—has been given an entirely new radiating grille, which makes it much more impressive. Arm-rests in the rear have been redesigned so that they are more comfortable, and yet give increased seating space. There is more room for luggage—and many other improvements all included in the new low price of £185.

The "The Famous Fourteen"—well, after successive models have taken the lion's share of the 14 h.p. market since 1933, the latest edition looks like the taking of the share of a coupé. For it is a really luxurious car. Again the price has been reduced this time to £220.

It must not be forgotten that these briefly mentioned details are all improvement, and that the fundamental characteristics of Vauxhall cars still remain—dependable engineering, controlled synchromesh, hydraulic brakes, no-draught ventilation, six-phase carburation—and all the rest.

—Adv.

I will improve your figure out of all recognition!

By Mary Armstrong

CHIEF CORSETTE AMBROSE WILSON LTD.

"There is no need for women to get their 'aging' look if only they will take care to preserve the line of their youth."

Have created the ALL-IN-ONE CORSETTE to make your girlhood charm last longer. Combining all the good features of a corset, belt and brassiere in one garment, well-designed women wear this ALL-IN-ONE because it gives them ideal support with a sleek fashion line from shoulder to hip.

The underbelt corrects obesity and abdominal weakness, preserving your youthful charm and benefiting your health. In the hard wearing Te Rose fabric with superior quality elastic panels at sides, you get adjustable shoulder straps. Spiral steels only.

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But that was only to be expected from a chorus of "yes men." The German Press is rigidly controlled. It says what it is told to say. It will swallow anything and hopes its readers may have the same ostrich-like digestion.

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The "imminent peril" in which we stand comes from the same quarter as it did 25 years ago. Our national honour is engaged now as it was then. But today we are already resolved upon our duty and stand firm in a purpose declared to all the world.

We seek peace with justice, but we will not yield to the threat of force nor see our friends driven to a shameful bargain.

THOUGH the event may mock your old friend's optimism before the day is out, it is still his firm belief that sanity will prevail to save civilisation from immeasurable catastrophe.

There are some grounds for this belief. In the first place, we know that Adolf Hitler, that "man of destiny," who bears the fate of the world upon his shoulders, has flinched a little under the burden of his immense responsibility.

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They have stated their position in terms that cannot be misunderstood. No matter what Russia may do, they stand by Poland and will fight on her behalf if she is forced to defend herself against an act of aggression.

And I do not think it unreasonable to believe that this gathering force of world opinion will give the German people pause even if, unhappily, the Fuehrer himself should dare to withstand it.

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Still Unsolved

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The "imminent peril" in which we stand comes from the same quarter as it did 25 years ago. Our national honour is engaged now as it was then. But today we are already resolved upon our duty and stand firm in a purpose declared to all the world.

We seek peace with justice, but we will not yield to the threat of force nor see our friends driven to a shameful bargain.

THOUGH the event may mock your old friend's optimism before the day is out, it is still his firm belief that sanity will prevail to save civilisation from immeasurable catastrophe.

There are some grounds for this belief. In the first place, we know that Adolf Hitler, that "man of destiny," who bears the fate of the world upon his shoulders, has flinched a little under the burden of his immense responsibility.

In the message which he conveyed to our Government through Sir Neville Henderson yesterday Hitler is understood to have said that he was "prepared to negotiate" with Poland.

That may mean much or little; for I do not yet know the terms of his supposed offer nor what reply Sir Neville is taking back to Berlin from Number 10, Downing Street today.

But at least the fateful choice has been postponed, and no man seeks postponement whose mind is already firmly set.

World Opinion

Rallies To Peace

THEY say that the Fuehrer is impervious to outside suggestion, but I cannot believe this. He must be influenced, at least to some extent, by the gathering force of world-wide warning and the world-wide will to peace.

President Roosevelt, acting again with the fine courage of his own convictions, has sent Hitler not one, but two, personal appeals couched in the strongest terms.

At the time of the Munich crisis, Mr. Roosevelt made a similar appeal which was treated with scant courtesy, but on this occasion his second message is reinforced by Poland's declared willingness to negotiate.

This leaves the German Dictator with no escape from his own responsibility. Poland, asking nothing of Germany, is yet ready to discuss Germany's demands upon herself. It follows inevitably that war without discussion must be a deliberate act.

VOICING the same plea for moderation and the same appeal for all mankind, other messages have come to Hitler, one from the supreme head of the Catholic Church and another from the rulers of Europe's little nations who met in conference in Brussels.

And behind them all is the unmistakable longing for peace of all ordinary men and women the world over—not excepting the people of Germany itself.

If he heeds none of these appeals for his own sake, he may yet heed the grave and urgent warnings that have come to him officially from the Governments of Great Britain and of France.

They have stated their position in terms that cannot be misunderstood. No matter what Russia may do, they stand by Poland and will fight on her behalf if she is forced to defend herself against an act of aggression.

And I do not think it unreasonable to believe that this gathering force of world opinion will give the German people pause even if, unhappily, the Fuehrer himself should dare to withstand it.

Russian Riddle

Still Unsolved

RUSSIA'S astounding decision to break off her negotiations with the democracies and to sign a pact with the Nazis is certainly the event which has led to the present acutely dangerous position.

When Berlin announced the coming pact with Moscow and when, above all, its full terms became known, the German newspapers hailed it as a resounding diplomatic victory which would end "encirclement"—their term for our defensive Peace Front—once and for all.

But that was only to be expected from a chorus of "yes men." The German Press is rigidly controlled. It says what it is told to say. It will swallow anything and hopes its readers may have the same ostrich-like digestion.

Here we are at least able to reserve our judgment. The surprise was undeniable; the shock tactics achieved their shock, but it is still too soon after the event to estimate its real importance.

For time is apt to turn both words—defeat and victory alike—into empty terms, and "Man o' the People" admitting that he was taken as completely

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"The People's" Secret Service News

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA, THE DEPOSITION OF STALIN AND THE RETURN OF TROTSKY TO POWER MAY HAPPEN SOON.

Recent pact with Germany is defined by Trotskyists as a sell-out of Communism. They maintain that Stalin is abandoning Bolshevism in order to build up a Russian Nationalist State.

Plans to form a War Cabinet composed of all parties have been drawn up by Mr. Chamberlain. Understood that Labour would be represented by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

It is also expected that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden



LEON TROTSKY

would join Cabinet as representatives of the Conservatives once termed "Rebels" but now solidly behind the Prime Minister.

FOOD production will be increased in the event of war. Allotments system tried in last war will be extended and developed on large scale.

Local authorities will be given power to buy or rent land for allotments and to rent them out to families at nominal figures.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is planning to issue, if necessary, an early war loan. It would be for a much larger sum than the £250,000,000 first planed.

SCOTLAND YARD believes that it has located every German spy in this country and that when the time comes for a wholesale swoop, Britain will be rid of Nazi agents. Only in conditions of a permanently guaranteed peace can Britain discuss with Germany the return of her former colonies. That is the considered decision of the Government.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

HOSPITAL TESTS
Reveal New Treatment for

ACID STOMACH

Gives Relief in 80 Seconds

Experiments in a world-famous hospital have proved that stomach pains top in 80 seconds when you suck pleasant-tasting Digestif RENNIE tablets like sweets!

These are the facts. Your stomach needs mild acid to help your digestion. When this acid comes too strong it scorches your stomach walls and you suffer the misery of indigestion.

Nature keeps stomach acid mild by dripping anti-acid juice through a valve into your stomach. When this valve fails to work, acid grows fierce. Your stomach blocks up and tortures you. You feel sore and sick. You get headaches and look wretched.

But the hospital tests prove that Digestif RENNIE prevents indigestion by neutralising the excess acid. It soothes the mouth, reproduces Nature's own gentle anti-acid action RENNIE's soothing anti-acid ingredients trickle into your stomach gently in your own saliva; release the anti-acid juice and digestive ferment in the stomach just when required to keep the acid mild. They neutralise the fierce stomach acid and stop the worst pain in 80 seconds, and actually aid digestion.

Get RENNIE from your own chemist. Only half the cost of many other remedies. For 1d. four times the quantity. 1/6 each RENNIE is separately wrapped. Keep a few in your pocket or handbag—slip a couple in your mouth after meals. Used twice. They must be good!

RENNIE 25 FOR 60

NAZI plot to spread sedition and discontent in India has been discovered by Britain's Secret Service. Storm troop organisations, led by wealthy young Indians educated at German universities, were to have been formed.

But Britain is assured of India's loyal support, and the main Indian Home Rule movement has already pledged itself fully to stand by Britain.

DIPLOMATIC conversations between Britain and Japan may result in the Japanese swinging to our support, so intense is Tokyo's disgust at the German-Soviet pact.

Japan considers that by signing the Pact Germany has double-crossed her. And opinion in Italy is also tending in the same direction.

Spain, too is far from pleased at the turn in events, and Britain has taken the opportunity to open new diplomatic talks in the hopes of moving France from the anti-Commintern pact.

Jews throughout the world will forget their Palestine troubles in the event of war. World Jewish leaders will call on their followers in all countries to rally behind Britain.

TWENTY THOUSAND factories in Britain are now engaged on defence contracts. Aircraft production alone keeps 4,000 busy. Plans to open 20,000 more factories for armament work can be put into operation immediately if necessary.

Arsenals are already busy in Canada, Australia and U.S.A. turning out supplies for Britain. These plants can double their output if necessary.

All London's anti-aircraft defences are now complete. Enemy airplanes trying to get through would have an unpleasant surprise.

In the event of the Houses of Parliament being bombed, Parliament will carry on in alternative premises which have already been equipped.

BREAD IN WAR: APPEAL TO BAKERS TO BAKERS

AN APPEAL TO BAKERS IN THE LONDON AND MIDDLESEX AREA TO COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS FOR COLLATING INFORMATION IN REGARD TO WAR-TIME BREAD SUPPLIES WAS MADE YESTERDAY BY THE LORD PRIVY SEAL'S OFFICE.

A notice issued to the bakers ran: "In connection with plans which have been made by the Food Defence Plans Department for providing London with supplies of bread in emergency, a questionnaire on baking capacity was issued recently to makers in London and Middlesex by the Bakers' and Confectioners' Area Committee for the London Food Division. "Any baker who has not yet completed the questionnaire is asked to do so at once and return it to the office of the Area Committee, 113, Thames House, Millbank, S.W."

"Any baker who has not yet received a questionnaire should apply at once for copies (one for each bakery) to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. W. S. Duthie, at Thames House, W."

TILLY LOSCH TO MARRY AN EARL

THE forty-years-old Earl of Carnarvon is to marry Miss Tilly Losch, the dancer, according to notice given at a London register office yesterday.

His address is given as the Ritz Hotel. Miss Losch's Christian names are given as Otilie Ethel, and her address as Claridge's Hotel. Miss Losch, a Viennese, made her first appearance on the stage as a child dancer. Her marriage to Mr. Edward Frank Willy James was dissolved. Lord Carnarvon is the sixth Earl. His marriage to Miss Catherine Wendell, of New York, in 1922, was dissolved three years ago.

SCIENTISTS TO MEET
Plans are proceeding without interruption for the British Association meeting at Dundee on Wednesday. There is no present intention of cancelling the meeting.

MONEY TALKS IN WAR-TIME —AND WE ARE IMPREGNABLE

AIR SCOUTS IN TRAINING



Britain's first troop of Air Scouts at Redington, near Ipswich, receiving training in aerodrome duties from R.A.F. instructors.

Your Home Will Be Safe PROFITEERING LANDLORDS TO BE CHECKED

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

GOVERNMENT EXPERTS, AT THE REQUEST OF THE CABINET, ARE PREPARING A BILL TO AMEND THE RENT RESTRICTION ACT. IT WILL BE PUT INTO OPERATION IF THERE ARE SIGNS AT ANY TIME OF A PROLONGED STATE OF EMERGENCY.

Provisions of the Bill will include:—

- (1) Families of men serving with the forces or in any of the A.R.P. organisations will be given complete protection against eviction and rent increase in respect of their homes.
- (2) All working-class families will be given security against eviction. Rent increases will not be allowed, unless wages jump and the cost of living with them, involving landlords in hardship. Increases will then only be allowed in accordance with a scale laid down.
- (3) People will not be allowed to buy houses, and turn out the existing tenants, without the permission of a county court judge.
- (4) Bailiffs will not be put in for arrears of rent except with the permission of a county court judge.

The Government is determined that the eviction and rent profiteering scandals, which were such an ugly feature of the last war until the Rent Acts were passed, shall not be allowed to recur.

DUCHESS OF KENT

The Duchess of Kent is on her way home from Jugo-Slavia, and is expected to arrive in London this afternoon.

Lyndoe Told You

The following appeared in Lyndoe's Predictions in "The People" on February 5, 1939:

HERE, PERHAPS, I SHOULD INDICATE THE MOST SURPRISING TURN IN CURRENT HISTORY—DUE A FEW MONTHS HENCE—NOTHING LESS THAN THE REVELATION OF A DICTATOR (HITLER INDICATED) SEEKING SOME KIND OF ARRANGEMENT WITH RUSSIA. YOU CAN NOW HAVE A GOOD LAUGH AT ME. I'M CONTENT TO WAIT.

Lyndoe's Predictions today are in Page Twelve.

WEALTH CENSUS REVEALS OUR STAYING POWER

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THE TREASURY HAS BEEN TAKING A CENSUS OF BRITAIN'S STRENGTH AND STAYING-POWER. IT SHOWS THAT IN THE EVENT OF A WAR OUR POSITION WOULD BE IMPREGNABLE.

Investigation reveals that both Germany and Italy are short of cash resources, short of fats and other food-stuffs, short of petrol and essential materials for making munitions.

By contrast, we have all the money we need to provide both food and striking power.

Some of the chief features revealed by the census are:—

GOLD RESERVES.—Supplies held by the Bank of England—as a currency reserve and for other purposes—by the Exchange Equalisation Fund, and by banks and financial houses on their own behalf and for clients, total £1,000,000,000.

In addition, British gold supplies of varying amounts have been put for safe custody in U.S. Canada, South Africa, Australia and other parts of the world.

THRIFT ORGANISATIONS.—The savings of the small and middle-class investor, in the Post Office and trustee savings banks, building societies, savings certificates and other thrift organisations total £3,500,000,000.

HOLDINGS IN FOREIGN INVESTMENTS.—These, held by British banks, investment trusts and individual investors, and spread over such holdings as Government stocks, public utility stocks and industrial companies, in foreign and empire countries, total more than £2,000,000,000.

STOCK EXCHANGE SECURITIES.—In home stocks and shares British investors hold over £20,000,000,000.

REAL PROPERTY INVESTMENTS.—These include bricks and mortar and land, and are valued at another £20,000,000,000.

Meanwhile, the income of the British people from investments, salaries and wages is now running at the unprecedentedly high total of £6,000,000,000 a year.

WANTED FOR AN INTERVIEW



A man whom the police wish to interview in connection with the explosion in Coventry.

No Crisis Here!

WE'RE SPENDING £20,000,000 AT THE RADIO SHOP
NO CRISIS CAN STOP BRITAIN'S BIGGEST AND BRIGHTEST WIRELESS EXHIBITION AT RADIO-OLYMPIA.

This £100,000 shop front for a £60,000,000 industry is finding trade as brisk as ever. Turnover will easily equal last year's record.

"It would have surpassed it by far," said organiser Alex. Moody, "had the times been normal. But we are still making headway. There are 3,000,000 homes without radios, and they are going to get them."

Even if war did come, wireless would be necessary in the home than ever. It would help to spread sudden news, warnings and official bulletins.

Television is the dominant note of the Exhibition. Britain is still three years ahead in its development, and intends to keep her lead. The new eye and ear sets are priced as low as 31 guineas.

There is another important and topical point. All television sets are short wave. In a national emergency long-wave broadcasting could be easily jammed, but not short wave.

Meanwhile, Radiolympia presents all the fun of the air. Miniatures of Broadcasting House and Alexandra Palace tower over the Exhibition, and Hollywood Bowl, the £60,000 radio theatre, enables 2,500 visitors to view a programme that is studied with stars.

Competitions abound. There is a prize for the first married couple found each day who can prove that they have never had a radio set; another radio set will be given away to the man with the best listener's face; and any morning, by going to the Television Studio in the Exhibition, you can be televised.

Radio dealers are getting a little fun, too. The 20,000 ships expect to take over £20,000,000 worth of orders.

HER FORTUNE FOR BARNARDO'S
Subject to a legacy of £100 for carrying out certain funeral directions. Florence Edith Wearing, of Emerson-st., Wimbledon, S.W., left the whole of her £76,553 estate (£288,703 net) to Dr. Barnardo's Homes in memory of her parents.

SHE DRANK MORE MILK



Mary Booth, of Mill Farm, Castleford, Yorkshire, representative in the Milk Marketing Board's Competition to select Britain's prettiest milkmaid, keeps fit by playing tennis.

WILL TRIBUTE TO BROTHERS' AFFECTION

LIFE-LONG AFFECTION FOR HIS BROTHERS, ONE OF WHOM IS LORD ARNOLD, WAS THE REASON FOR A £2,000 LEGACY TO EACH LEFT BY MR. ALFRED LINNEY ARNOLD, OF HALE, CHESHIRE.

Mr. Arnold, a retired stockbroker, belonged to the firm of W. A. Arnold and Sons, Manchester.

His total estate was worth £51,880, the residue of which, after payment of a £2,800 legacy to his niece and £100 each to five employees of W. A. Arnold and Sons, was bequeathed to his wife.

On her death, apart from a £2,000 legacy to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, bequests to relatives and his son's two friends, the residue, amounting to about £28,000, is to be shared by his brothers, Lord Arnold, Lawrence Septimus Arnold and Frederick Octavius Arnold.

JOINED TERRIERS, THEN WROTE SONG HIT

Service as a gunner has led songwriter Jimmy Kennedy to write one of his biggest hits. He joined his local Territorial anti-aircraft unit, and soon he and Michael Carr collaborated with "The Handsome Territorial."

This popular number is one of the 28 in the great Free £5,000 Concert Party Programme Competition now running in the "Daily Herald." All you are asked to do in this competition is to choose from the list of 28 the 12 songs that would make the best concert party programme.

For this simple task a first prize of £4,000 must be won! For runners-up there are special awards to the total value of £1,000. Fill in a free entry form from the "Daily Herald" tomorrow and every day.

ORDER TO SPEED UP THE CAMPS

Special to "The People"
ORDERS HAVE BEEN ISSUED by the Government to speed-up work on evacuation camps.

So far only one camp is ready, because priority was given to Militia camps.

If war conditions ensue, more militiamen will live under canvas while the buildings complete children's camps.

Thousands of building workers now idle will be moved to areas where they are needed; their fares will be paid and they will lodge near their jobs.

CROWN JEWELS ARE HIDDEN

The State Apartments at Kensington Palace are closed until further notice. The Jewel House, at the Tower of London, and the State Apartments of Windsor Castle have also been closed.

PASCAL WANTS TO BE BRITON
Gabriel Pascal, the Hungarian film producer, has applied to the Home Secretary for naturalisation. Dr. Pascal produced Bernard Shaw's film, "Pygmalion."

It's COOLER inside!

If the weather's sultry, oppressive, or just plain hot, you'll feel much cooler with a Guinness inside you.

That's one of the most distinctive things about Guinness—the way it refreshes you in summer. With its clean invigorating taste of hops, Guinness soon puts STOP to your thirst and GO to your energy.

You'll feel the benefit of Guinness for a long time afterwards.

That's why Summer Guinness is so good for you.

Treat yourself to a Guinness today.

HITLER WILL NOT DO IT!

and Drydex Batteries), EXIDE WORKS, CLIFTON
 Chester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, and Belfast.

Underworld Lone Wolf At Bay

WHY THEY CAN'T CATCH THURSTON

Five Men Remanded

"BIG QUANTITY OF EXPLOSIVES"

CHARGED with being concerned together in possessing a large quantity of explosives for an unlawful object, five men appeared at Bow Street yesterday and were remanded in custody until next Friday.

They were: Daniel Jordan (23), John Evans (24), James O'Regan (24), Jack Gibson (23), and Peter Barnes (32), all described as labourers and of no fixed address. Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell, Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, who had granted them annual leave, returned to court to take the case.

Chief Inspector William Parker, of Central Yard's Flying Squad, said that on an hour and a half previously he had seen the men at Bow-st.

When he explained the charge to them, Gibson said: "I have been told not to say anything."

O'Regan said: "I did not meet the others until I got over here. I came over to look for work and have only been here a week."

"NEVER SEEN THEM" When asked if he had any questions to put to the Inspector, Barnes said to the dock: "I don't know how it comes about that I can be implicated with the rest of these men whom I have never seen before. How is it he is accusing me of this?"

Inspector Parker: Evidence will be given later.

Gibson denied that he had any explosives in his possession, and Evans said: "I have nothing to do with it."

The other two indicated that they had nothing to say.

During the brief hearing the entrances to the court were watched by police.

STEEL COINS FOR POLAND

Warsaw, Saturday. The hoarding of coins containing a proportion of silver in Poland has reached such proportions among the poorer classes that there is a great shortage of small change.

This afternoon, under an official decree new coins made of steel are being issued to the value of 20 and 50 Groschen (2d. and 5d.). Notes are being issued to the value of 1, 2, 5 and 10 Zlotys (approximately 1s., 2s., 4s. and 8s.). Hitherto, the smallest notes were for 20 Zloty (slightly under £1).—B.U.P.

"NOT ME" REPLY TO MURDER CHARGE

"Not me! I never did it," was the reply stated to have been made by Alfred Arthur George Gardner (twenty-nine), builder's labourer, of Framfield-road, London, N., when told that he would be arrested on a charge of murdering Gunner John Tait, an Army Reservist. Tait, a Londonderry man, who had been training with an Artillery unit, was found unconscious in a gutter at Gosport, and died soon afterwards. He had head injuries.

At Gosport, yesterday, Gardner was remanded until Tuesday on the murder charge.

Inspector T. McDonagh said that he saw Gardner at his home on Friday evening and told him he had a warrant for his arrest.

Asked by the magistrate if there was any reason why he should not be remanded, Gardner said: "Only that I am not guilty. I would like to know how I come to be here charged with it."

SONG WRITER'S CAMP VISIT AIDS CHILDREN

Terence de Marney, celebrated radio star, and Michael Carr, famous song writer, whose "South of the Border" is the "hit" tune of the moment, are visiting Butlin's Clacton Holiday Camp today.

All money taken will be in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-st., W.C.

OLD COMRADES' CALENDAR

Royal Engineers—Reunion dinner, Amesbury, Wilts, Sept. 30, 7.15 p.m.
Royal Engineers—Centenary Ceremony, Kitchener Memorial Service House, Guards' Parade, 1.30 p.m., Oct. 14.

B. Mariner O.C.A.—Meeting, Allenby's Club, 7 p.m., entertaining Greenwich Branch, Church Parade, Giddehall, 10 a.m., Sept. 17.
8th Divisional Artillery—Garden party, Seven Trees, West Hill, Highgate, Sept. 9, 2 p.m.

Money-Makers

WARNER BROTHERS, whose "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" has earned more than £400,000 in foreign countries alone, now announce another anti-dictator film to be called "Underground," and deal with the underground movement in Germany to overthrow Hitler.

ARMED GUARD AT KEW BRIDGE



One of the armed civilian ex-Servicemen guarding London's bridges against I.R.A. terrorists.

Her Face Her Fortune
57 TIMES A "QUEEN" OF BEAUTY

"A YE, HER FACE WILL BE HER FORTUNE SOME DAY," SAID THE INHABITANTS OF GOBOWEN, TINY SHROPSHIRE VILLAGE, AS THEY ADMIRER THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL PLAYING WITH HER DOLLS.

And they were right. For the face of that little girl, now grown-up, has enabled her to exchange the solitude of her birthplace for the thrill of world travel, coupled with the experience of meeting some of the world's most famous figures.

Miss Edith Hammond, winner of 57 beauty, figure and personality contests, is the girl whose charm and glamour have become an international passport.

At present she is in England but, soon, she is off to America to represent England in the international beauty competition to be held at the New York World's Fair.

Yet this personality girl began her career, which has made her the envy of women wherever she goes, by chance!

Her father owned a grocery store in Gobowen, and an assistant there said that she thought of entering the local county beauty contest.

"Why don't you send up your photo to the adjudication committee, too?" she suggested and, just for fun, Edith, then sixteen, did so.

"To my surprise I got into the final," she told me yesterday, "and ever since then I have been competing in competitions all over the world."

"It's grand fun. I love getting about and meeting people, and there's always the chance of landing a film contract."

France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia—Miss Hammond has visited all these countries on the strength of her good looks.

There would be a change in the place at which the work was done, but that was purely a domestic matter.

It was stated at the Banker's Clearing House yesterday that, in the event of the change of landing a film contract, there would be no change that would affect the public.

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"GRAPE-VINE" FAILS!

Special to "The People"

"LONE WOLF" OF THE LONDON UNDERWORLD—SO CALLED BECAUSE HE HAS NEVER WORKED WITH A GANG—STANLEY HILTON THURSTON CONTINUES TO FOIL ALL ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE HIM. By his escape from Lewes Jail, Thurston, sometimes called "Flash Stan," established a record, for no other prisoner had ever succeeded in getting away from a "Class A" cell.

Mystery surrounds his complete disappearance.

ORPHAN AT FOUR

Never before have the police met with such stony silence from the underworld when attempting to "tap in" for information via the "grape-vine"—the criminals' bush wireless in the underworld, whereby secret channels of information can be opened up, sometimes with the aid of informers.

Thurston is one of the most amazing persons ever lodged behind prison bars. Fatherless at four years, he later displayed remarkable ability as an artist, spent most of his time studying at the art school, and hoped that one day he would gain his university degree.

Instead, after a short time in a draughtsman's office, he graduated to serious crime via a Borstal institution.

After trying several branches of criminality, he later specialised in touring hotels in quest of jewels and robbing country mansions. His knowledge of locks enabled him to gain entry to hotel rooms and residences without any difficulty.

Disdaining the "Bill Sikes" type of jemmy, he used a set of keys of special construction, carried round his body in a belt.

Enigma of the underworld, he had sufficient skill to have made a brilliant career for himself, but preferred to display his many talents only when in prison.

In Chelmsford Jail they called him "The Man With the Magic Hands," the "Key King," and the "Houdini of the Prisons." He gloried in such titles.

ROGUES' GALLERY

On a small shelf in his cell at this prison he had what he smilingly termed his own private "Rogues' Gallery."

It was a collection of busts with lifelike resemblances of the inmates of the prison, fashioned with his fingers out of soap he collected from the bathhouse.

He claimed that he could copy anything after seeing an object only once—he always retained a perfect mind's impression.

In one pocket he always kept fat rolls of £1 and 10s. notes; in another, a bundle of £5 and £10 Bank of England notes.

He never refused a loan to an underworld associate, and he liked nothing better than to take his roll of notes from his pocket and, with a flourish, ask: "How much?"

He stayed only at the best hotels, and with his blonde hair contrasting with his immaculately cut evening attire he was an outstanding figure, and his fellow-guests, without question, accepted him as a rich "varsity undergraduate."

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

The following are the Answers to Teasers in Page Four:—

- (1) Spur.
- (2) Trunk.
- (3) Flail.
- (4) Stamped.
- (5) Road.
- (6) Flagon.
- (7) Stamford Bridge.
- (8) Alexandra.
- (9) Mull.
- (10) Traisep.
- (11) Dimple.
- (12) Mulch.

HINTS TO INVESTORS By Our City Editor, "Scrutineer"

GOLD SHARES ARE BEST

Nothing is likely to take the place of gold as a means of settling balances between nations as providing currencies with the necessary backing of confidence, or as a safe store for wealth.

A LEADING Stock Exchange firm which gives a short list of suitable shares in its current market letter.

The shares and particulars are as follows:—

Share	Price	Div.	Yield
Union Corp. (12s) ...	27 1/2	4	7 3/4
Lupulards V. el (2s) ...	18	50/100	25 1/2
Simmer & Jack (2s) ...	18	30/100	25 1/2
Crown (7s) ...	21 1/2	100/100	27 1/2
Brakpan (5s) ...	22 1/2	60/100	27 1/2
Nigel Gold (10s) ...	23 1/2	35/100	28 1/2
Robinson Deep B. (7s) ...	24 1/2	60/100	28 1/2

Lupulards V. el and Simmer and Jack are both increasing substantially their rate of production. The Union Corporation yield is on the last year's full dividend, no interim having yet been paid.

Brakpan has a holding of 361,000 shares in South African Land and Exploration Company, to which I refer below. The average life of the mines in question is about 30 years or slightly more.

THE two following shares should be considered as being to any choice of gold shares made. They are new producers of outstanding promise. The first is Gravelite, the company which I have given as my real choice for future investment in the gold-mining markets.

A maiden dividend of 1s. per share was declared in June.

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Ore reserves at the end of 1938 already amounted to 3,780,000 tons, of 5.5 dwt. Early dividend prospects are for an adequate return on the price of the shares, and the further outlook is most promising. The 21 shares can at the moment be bought at 78s. 6d.

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The nominal capacity of plant is 100,000 tons per month. From the milling point of view the position is most promising. The outlook indicates a producer of the first importance.

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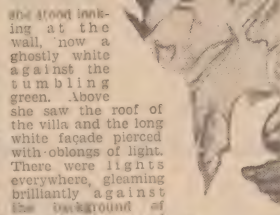
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NAPPED!

ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED

THE marriage, following a whirlwind wooing, of Tony Miron to Fayre Desnere did not last long. It was not until they had separated that Fayre realised Tony was the only man she could ever love. But by then the machinations of Marjorie Isala, the wife of Tony's friend, Greg, seemed to have driven the wedge further between them. It was when Tony lost all his money that Fayre, against his wishes, forced the money of her marriage settlement on him. This Tony refused to touch, resolving to work for his living instead. Meanwhile, Marjorie, having been reached, Fayre is being pestered by Pete, an old friend, to get a divorce and marry him. Finally, she decides to go with him to the South of France.

Drawn by PHYLIS



"ARE you certain you will not regret this? It's not too late to change your mind." Phyllis stroked a pair of evening slippers, her eyes apparently intent upon their supple satin shape. She was a well-trained maid, and she did not look at Fayre when she spoke. "It is too late, and I shall not regret it. Something decisive is easier to bear."

"You love him?" Phyllis asked. "I know, but I love lots of things I can't possess." She went on packing restlessly, examining all kinds of costly clothes in as though they were covers.

"Any day you can always come back here. It is not like giving it up. No, the babies will always be here."

Pete rang up a dinner since during the day with detailed information about their plans. Fayre could hardly listen to them. Tony always had a good dinner and considered afterwards. Dear Fayre, the word was the only one to use.

They were not dining together. Fayre wanted the last evening alone. She had a simple meal brought up and then she went to bed. She was alone in Phyllis and Mickey, who seemed very silent.

Then she went home through a bitter February wind. In the South of France there would be sunshine. She looked at the clock. It was midnight. There would be a new moon hanging like a crescent of light over the house full of babies.

"Good-bye"

She was to meet Pete at the aerodrome. All through her uneasy sleep she heard the whirr of propellers and saw Pete's face faintly and Tony's very clearly. In the morning she had to keep up the fiction of going south "for a rest."

Pete sent a car with a strange chauffeur to meet her. The matron stood in the hall bidding her have a "good time." When all this was said there was nothing to keep her. She glanced back up the stairs as though someone might come down to hold her from the journey.

"Good-bye, Matron, I'll be telephoning you when I get there. I feel so secure with you in charge." She felt mean and disloyal. She hated and despised herself for drifting along such a stream.

"Everything will be as it should you were here to look after it." Matron waved to Fayre as the car turned round, but Fayre did not look back. She sat on the edge of the seat, staring at the road. She wanted to go quickly. At last the aerodrome, where planes like silver birds gleamed in the spring sunshine. Pete stood talking to the pilot of a specially chartered one.

As he saw Fayre he turned back to meet her. She saw he had obviously now changed his mind. She was sure and the keen, possessive look in his eyes. Her lover!

He fussed in an agony of embarrassment until her luggage was stowed away and they took their seats. She felt deathly cold and her lips were stiff. She did not glance down at the ground as they rose, but at the sky scattered with great puffs of white cloud.

Restless

Pete took hold of her left hand and she did not look as he slipped a wedding ring on to her finger. She wanted to scream. Why didn't he do it courageously? Their relationship was to be one endured by famous men and women down the ages; why couldn't he discuss the fact that she would need a ring like his very furthest made it all so dreadful. She felt angry and irritated.

He talked incessantly as though he dared not let a silence come. At last they were driving along the winding road beside the blue purple hills. The setting sun was turning the golden dome of the casino ablaze and painting the white villas with rose and mauve and blue speckled with twinkling windows.

"Isn't it marvellous?" Pete asked nervously. Fayre was thinking of the tiny cottage overhanging the Cornish rocks, and her heart cried out for it. This was beautiful, but this was tame. Pete's hand took her own and held it tightly and she tried to smile as he made a little joke. The sea was now deep purple and the lights on the hills were like stars climbing upwards from the earth. The anchor yachts were white and twinkling too spars fading into dimness to be topped by lights. The car began to climb uphill until it stopped at a medieval gate cut into a rock wall topped with roses falling down in cascades.

"Here we are," Pete said with great heartiness. He helped Fayre out, and

he busied himself with the drinks while Fayre said how "marvellous" everything was, and then dinner was announced.

"I'm keeping my shoulder pressed against the door while Time tries to push in from the other side," she thought as they faced each other across a round table.

She lingered over the meal, but it could not go on for ever, and the moment came when she was alone and Pete was saying:

"This is heaven. After all these years. We're together, alone."

Fayre moved restlessly about the

room, touching this and that. Why, it is strange! Why couldn't she feel glad now that all her babies were here and she had stamped the door through which she might have gone back. She had wanted the decision taken out of her hands. Now she was Mrs. Pete Desnere. She must remember that.

"Only babies," he had moved towards her, but she ended him and opened the Grand piano, turning her fingers over the keys.

"I'm not very good at saying things, Pete dear." She knew that was not true. She could have poured out her soul words. Tony had asked to hear them. She realised now that she would be playing a part for the rest of her life, a ghastly make-believe.

She was breathing quickly, as though she had been running. She drew off her ring and held her left hand up to the light, once again seeing the tiny mark where Tony's had been.

Then she looked at her reflection in the mirror. Pete had said he was going to his dressing room, which looked out on the other side of the house, her own filled all the front, a long room full of shadows and pools of light. She felt round them. Pete her lover... not yet... time was still being held away. She felt hands on her face and stared into the mirror as though chanting there might be a new Fayre or

Then her heart seemed to stand still, for coming from one end of the room was a tall, powerfully built man, obviously an Italian. He was smiling genially. Fayre opened her mouth, but no sound came. She watched his approach in the mirror. She felt icy cold, but could do nothing. Just stare, and then she felt his hand over her mouth, pressing down, so that she could not scream as he carried her easily through the long window on to the balcony, like a cat with a burden no greater than a new-born kitten.

Fayre dug her teeth into his hand over her mouth, but he chuckled softly in amusement. He lifted her up and stretched out to the darkness. She tried to call, but the sound stuck, her throat felt choked, and then her head was pressed sideways into the seaman's jersey as he ran softly in padded shoes. They seemed to be going down and round and down again. She felt her silk coat tear on some bushes. The man's grip round her was as strong as one made of steel hawsers.

"Why don't I faint? Why don't I feel terrified into fainting? Why are they doing this? I haven't any jewellery?" She remembered her diamond rings had been left on the dressing-table. Ransom. The thought brought terror swooping over her in a dreadful, crushing horror.

She felt herself being lifted again, then put down on what seemed a mass of cushions. The man's hand went over her mouth, not pressed hard, but enough to prevent her calling and then she realised she was in a boat, pushing off from the shore. As they slipped away from it, the man bending over her straightened up and let her go. The shore was already merely a twinkling wall. She struggled up, pushing her hair back from her eyes.

There was no light in them; they were dark; they seemed to retreat from her. He said: "You look exquisite, darling."

"I'm glad you like this dress."

The dress didn't matter a damn—it was the hands, but at that moment the butler appeared with the cocktails and he had to let them go. Alone once more,

she had refused all others, and now she saw that her beauty appeared even more flawless for lack of ornaments. Her shoulders rising from the dress cut straight across them, her hair gleaming in gold brown depths piled Edwardian fashion, up in deep curls above her head. And her eyes—it was there Pete paused.

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The stranger carried Fayre easily through the long window on to the balcony.

Second the past lay the new world, and she shivered. There was no turning back.

Across many miles lay the white house and the babies and Tony. In a quiet study room there were Phyllis and Mickey, Phyllis waiting for her son. The little room with two beds and a modest "suite," and Mickey sleeping heartily in preparation for the work to do on the morrow.

Fayre felt the tears coming up and blew her nose; she was thankful when the door opened to show a winding flower-bordered path led here and there by lanterns, great medieval iron ones, swinging from the trees. The doors of the villa were wide, too; a butler stood waiting respectfully for Fayre as she went slowly up the path, so slowly that Pete was aware of it.

At last she was inside the house, where a French personal maid appeared from the shadows. She led Fayre up the broad staircase to a landing that was filled with flowers. Fayre heard the maid saying that this was "Madame's" bedroom, and that Pete's was next door, with each a bathroom.

Fayre wanted to scream. She told the maid to unpack, while she stood in the window watching the sea that lay beyond a brilliant band marking the road. She listened to Marie's quiet footsteps passing to and fro between trunks and wardrobes. And then the question came. What would "Madame" wear for dinner?

Fayre turned as though coming out of a dream. Time was rushing on. Her eyes felt tight and every now and then she caught a glimpse of her wedding ring and felt vaguely aware that it was a circlet of diamonds, not like Tony's, which was plain because he wanted it to look real.

"The crown said, you may wear it, I can manage."

She avoided the look of surprise and waited impatiently while dress shoes and stockings were laid out, together with a new rustling gold tulle dress that came out like a crinoline from the waist and buttoned all the way up to a high neckline. When the door was shut she locked it and locked the communicating ones, and as the keys turned her heart thumped, for Pete was knocking.

"I'm sorry, I'm dressing," she called, and heard: "All right, darling." Then whistling.

She thought: "I can't go on pushing off time. I'm holding it back, but it will break in on me."

She bathed and dressed and at last was ready. She opened the door and went down the scented corridor, down the stairs to see him standing in the lounge, where deep windows opened on to a wide verandah with majolica vases holding bunches of mimosa. He turned as she came forward, the creamy satin falling in thick, gleaming folds, with no jewels except his diamond rings.

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Memories

"I'll teach you." He was looking at her as she stood there, silhouetted against the dark sky, her hands gleaming down on her hair and magenta tinted skin. A clock chimed midnight. It made them start.

Fayre shut her bedroom door and turned the key. She pulled off her green satin dress and slipped into the taffeta coat. It stood out from her wide folds, moulded only over her breasts and rising to her throat where it fastened with a broad gold buckle.

She was breathing quickly, as though she had been running. She drew off her ring and held her left hand up to the light, once again seeing the tiny mark where Tony's had been.

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"I'm glad you like this dress."



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2 ATTEMPTS 6D.
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RUNNERS-UP PRIZES

FIRST RUNNERS-UP will each have the choice of one of the following prizes: 1. A Dinner for Four (10 places); 2. A Dinner for Two (5 places); 3. A Dinner for One (2 places); 4. A Dinner for Three (3 places); 5. A Dinner for Four (4 places); 6. A Dinner for Five (5 places); 7. A Dinner for Six (6 places); 8. A Dinner for Seven (7 places); 9. A Dinner for Eight (8 places); 10. A Dinner for Nine (9 places); 11. A Dinner for Ten (10 places); 12. A Dinner for Eleven (11 places); 13. A Dinner for Twelve (12 places); 14. A Dinner for Thirteen (13 places); 15. A Dinner for Fourteen (14 places); 16. A Dinner for Fifteen (15 places); 17. A Dinner for Sixteen (16 places); 18. A Dinner for Seventeen (17 places); 19. A Dinner for Eighteen (18 places); 20. A Dinner for Nineteen (19 places); 21. A Dinner for Twenty (20 places); 22. A Dinner for Twenty-One (21 places); 23. A Dinner for Twenty-Two (22 places); 24. A Dinner for Twenty-Three (23 places); 25. A Dinner for Twenty-Four (24 places); 26. A Dinner for Twenty-Five (25 places); 27. A Dinner for Twenty-Six (26 places); 28. A Dinner for Twenty-Seven (27 places); 29. A Dinner for Twenty-Eight (28 places); 30. A Dinner for Twenty-Nine (29 places); 31. A Dinner for Thirty (30 places); 32. A Dinner for Thirty-One (31 places); 33. A Dinner for Thirty-Two (32 places); 34. A Dinner for Thirty-Three (33 places); 35. A Dinner for Thirty-Four (34 places); 36. A Dinner for Thirty-Five (35 places); 37. A Dinner for Thirty-Six (36 places); 38. A Dinner for Thirty-Seven (37 places); 39. A Dinner for Thirty-Eight (38 places); 40. A Dinner for Thirty-Nine (39 places); 41. A Dinner for Forty (40 places); 42. A Dinner for Forty-One (41 places); 43. A Dinner for Forty-Two (42 places); 44. A Dinner for Forty-Three (43 places); 45. A Dinner for Forty-Four (44 places); 46. A Dinner for Forty-Five (45 places); 47. A Dinner for Forty-Six (46 places); 48. A Dinner for Forty-Seven (47 places); 49. A Dinner for Forty-Eight (48 places); 50. A Dinner for Forty-Nine (49 places); 51. A Dinner for Fifty (50 places); 52. A Dinner for Fifty-One (51 places); 53. A Dinner for Fifty-Two (52 places); 54. A Dinner for Fifty-Three (53 places); 55. A Dinner for Fifty-Four (54 places); 56. A Dinner for Fifty-Five (55 places); 57. A Dinner for Fifty-Six (56 places); 58. A Dinner for Fifty-Seven (57 places); 59. A Dinner for Fifty-Eight (58 places); 60. A Dinner for Fifty-Nine (59 places); 61. A Dinner for Sixty (60 places); 62. A Dinner for Sixty-One (61 places); 63. A Dinner for Sixty-Two (62 places); 64. A Dinner for Sixty-Three (63 places); 65. A Dinner for Sixty-Four (64 places); 66. A Dinner for Sixty-Five (65 places); 67. A Dinner for Sixty-Six (66 places); 68. A Dinner for Sixty-Seven (67 places); 69. A Dinner for Sixty-Eight (68 places); 70. A Dinner for Sixty-Nine (69 places); 71. A Dinner for Seventy (70 places); 72. A Dinner for Seventy-One (71 places); 73. A Dinner for Seventy-Two (72 places); 74. A Dinner for Seventy-Three (73 places); 75. A Dinner for Seventy-Four (74 places); 76. A Dinner for Seventy-Five (75 places); 77. A Dinner for Seventy-Six (76 places); 78. A Dinner for Seventy-Seven (77 places); 79. A Dinner for Seventy-Eight (78 places); 80. A Dinner for Seventy-Nine (79 places); 81. A Dinner for Eighty (80 places); 82. A Dinner for Eighty-One (81 places); 83. A Dinner for Eighty-Two (82 places); 84. A Dinner for Eighty-Three (83 places); 85. A Dinner for Eighty-Four (84 places); 86. A Dinner for Eighty-Five (85 places); 87. A Dinner for Eighty-Six (86 places); 88. A Dinner for Eighty-Seven (87 places); 89. A Dinner for Eighty-Eight (88 places); 90. A Dinner for Eighty-Nine (89 places); 91. A Dinner for Ninety (90 places); 92. A Dinner for Ninety-One (91 places); 93. A Dinner for Ninety-Two (92 places); 94. A Dinner for Ninety-Three (93 places); 95. A Dinner for Ninety-Four (94 places); 96. A Dinner for Ninety-Five (95 places); 97. A Dinner for Ninety-Six (96 places); 98. A Dinner for Ninety-Seven (97 places); 99. A Dinner for Ninety-Eight (98 places); 100. A Dinner for Ninety-Nine (99 places); 101. A Dinner for One Hundred (100 places); 102. A Dinner for One Hundred and One (101 places); 103. A Dinner for One Hundred and Two (102 places); 104. A Dinner for One Hundred and Three (103 places); 105. A Dinner for One Hundred and Four (104 places); 106. A Dinner for One Hundred and Five (105 places); 107. A Dinner for One Hundred and Six (106 places); 108. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seven (107 places); 109. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eight (108 places); 110. A Dinner for One Hundred and Nine (109 places); 111. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ten (110 places); 112. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eleven (111 places); 113. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twelve (112 places); 114. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirteen (113 places); 115. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fourteen (114 places); 116. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifteen (115 places); 117. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixteen (116 places); 118. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventeen (117 places); 119. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighteen (118 places); 120. A Dinner for One Hundred and Nineteen (119 places); 121. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty (120 places); 122. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-One (121 places); 123. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Two (122 places); 124. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Three (123 places); 125. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Four (124 places); 126. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Five (125 places); 127. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Six (126 places); 128. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Seven (127 places); 129. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Eight (128 places); 130. A Dinner for One Hundred and Twenty-Nine (129 places); 131. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty (130 places); 132. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-One (131 places); 133. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Two (132 places); 134. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Three (133 places); 135. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Four (134 places); 136. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Five (135 places); 137. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Six (136 places); 138. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Seven (137 places); 139. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Eight (138 places); 140. A Dinner for One Hundred and Thirty-Nine (139 places); 141. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty (140 places); 142. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-One (141 places); 143. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Two (142 places); 144. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Three (143 places); 145. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Four (144 places); 146. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Five (145 places); 147. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Six (146 places); 148. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Seven (147 places); 149. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Eight (148 places); 150. A Dinner for One Hundred and Forty-Nine (149 places); 151. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty (150 places); 152. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-One (151 places); 153. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Two (152 places); 154. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Three (153 places); 155. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Four (154 places); 156. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Five (155 places); 157. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Six (156 places); 158. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Seven (157 places); 159. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Eight (158 places); 160. A Dinner for One Hundred and Fifty-Nine (159 places); 161. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty (160 places); 162. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-One (161 places); 163. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Two (162 places); 164. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Three (163 places); 165. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Four (164 places); 166. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Five (165 places); 167. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Six (166 places); 168. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Seven (167 places); 169. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Eight (168 places); 170. A Dinner for One Hundred and Sixty-Nine (169 places); 171. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy (170 places); 172. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-One (171 places); 173. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Two (172 places); 174. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Three (173 places); 175. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Four (174 places); 176. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Five (175 places); 177. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Six (176 places); 178. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Seven (177 places); 179. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Eight (178 places); 180. A Dinner for One Hundred and Seventy-Nine (179 places); 181. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty (180 places); 182. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-One (181 places); 183. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Two (182 places); 184. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Three (183 places); 185. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Four (184 places); 186. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Five (185 places); 187. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Six (186 places); 188. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Seven (187 places); 189. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Eight (188 places); 190. A Dinner for One Hundred and Eighty-Nine (189 places); 191. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety (190 places); 192. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-One (191 places); 193. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Two (192 places); 194. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Three (193 places); 195. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Four (194 places); 196. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Five (195 places); 197. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Six (196 places); 198. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Seven (197 places); 199. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Eight (198 places); 200. A Dinner for One Hundred and Ninety-Nine (199 places); 201. A Dinner for Two Hundred (200 places); 202. A Dinner for Two Hundred and One (201 places); 203. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Two (202 places); 204. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Three (203 places); 205. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Four (204 places); 206. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Five (205 places); 207. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Six (206 places); 208. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seven (207 places); 209. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eight (208 places); 210. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Nine (209 places); 211. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ten (210 places); 212. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eleven (211 places); 213. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twelve (212 places); 214. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirteen (213 places); 215. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fourteen (214 places); 216. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifteen (215 places); 217. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixteen (216 places); 218. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventeen (217 places); 219. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighteen (218 places); 220. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Nineteen (219 places); 221. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty (220 places); 222. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-One (221 places); 223. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Two (222 places); 224. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Three (223 places); 225. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Four (224 places); 226. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Five (225 places); 227. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Six (226 places); 228. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Seven (227 places); 229. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight (228 places); 230. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Twenty-Nine (229 places); 231. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty (230 places); 232. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-One (231 places); 233. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Two (232 places); 234. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Three (233 places); 235. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Four (234 places); 236. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Five (235 places); 237. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Six (236 places); 238. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Seven (237 places); 239. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Eight (238 places); 240. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Thirty-Nine (239 places); 241. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty (240 places); 242. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-One (241 places); 243. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Two (242 places); 244. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Three (243 places); 245. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Four (244 places); 246. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Five (245 places); 247. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Six (246 places); 248. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Seven (247 places); 249. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Eight (248 places); 250. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Forty-Nine (249 places); 251. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty (250 places); 252. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-One (251 places); 253. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Two (252 places); 254. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Three (253 places); 255. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Four (254 places); 256. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Five (255 places); 257. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Six (256 places); 258. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Seven (257 places); 259. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Eight (258 places); 260. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Fifty-Nine (259 places); 261. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty (260 places); 262. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-One (261 places); 263. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Two (262 places); 264. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Three (263 places); 265. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Four (264 places); 266. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Five (265 places); 267. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Six (266 places); 268. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Seven (267 places); 269. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Eight (268 places); 270. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Sixty-Nine (269 places); 271. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy (270 places); 272. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-One (271 places); 273. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Two (272 places); 274. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Three (273 places); 275. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Four (274 places); 276. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Five (275 places); 277. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Six (276 places); 278. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Seven (277 places); 279. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Eight (278 places); 280. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Seventy-Nine (279 places); 281. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty (280 places); 282. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-One (281 places); 283. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Two (282 places); 284. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Three (283 places); 285. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Four (284 places); 286. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Five (285 places); 287. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Six (286 places); 288. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Seven (287 places); 289. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Eight (288 places); 290. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Eighty-Nine (289 places); 291. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety (290 places); 292. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-One (291 places); 293. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Two (292 places); 294. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Three (293 places); 295. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Four (294 places); 296. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Five (295 places); 297. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Six (296 places); 298. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Seven (297 places); 299. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Eight (298 places); 300. A Dinner for Two Hundred and Ninety-Nine (299 places); 301. A Dinner for Three Hundred (300 places); 302. A Dinner for Three Hundred and One (301 places); 303. A Dinner for Three Hundred and Two (302 places);

name or accommodation address or
 Coupon from defuncts in this or
 other Pools are disqualified. All
 entries subject to rules in full as
 printed in Weekly Coupon.

6

MARK	HOME WIN	AWAY WIN	DRAW
Blackburn	1		
Everton			
Ipswich T.	2		
Norwich C.			
Accrington	3		
Oldham			
Chester	4		
Tranmere			
1/4 PER COLUMN	→	1/4	1/4
		1/4	1/4

HAWKHILL AV. EDINBURGH. 7.

ANOTHER CLASS RECORD

ROB SIDE SCOTTE broke the Clapton track record for 550 yards when he won Heat 5 of the London Cup last night. His time was 32.37. Grosvenor Ferdinand, the odds-on favourite, whipped round at the start and failed to qualify.

Catherine of Waterhall won the heat from another Wembley runner, Spotted.

See "Here and There" (Page Fifteen) for further Greyhound racing notes.

NEW CROSS
 1.10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-12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